

# The Round Table.

A Saturday Review of Literature, Society, and Art.

No. 118.—Vol. V.

New York, April 27, 1867.

Price { \$6 a Year, in Advance  
Single Copies, 15 Cents

## Contents of No. CXVIII.

War in Europe and Ourselves, . . .	259
Geary Laws, . . .	259
The Sin upon Israel, . . .	259
May-Day, . . .	260
Italian Opera, . . .	261
Pictures at the National Academy, . . .	261
The Paris Exhibition, . . .	262
GASTRONOMY: . . .	
No. V.—Meat-Dishes, . . .	262
CORRESPONDENCE: . . .	
Paris, . . .	263
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: . . .	
The Open Polar Sea, . . .	264
"Nemo" and the Church-Grocers, . . .	265
Boarding-School Diet, . . .	265

REVIEWS: . . .	
Ecce Deus, . . .	275
The Rich Husband, . . .	266
Poems, by Amanda T. Jones, . . .	267
Richard Cobden, . . .	267
Grif, . . .	268
Cesar de Bello Gallico, . . .	268
Siege of Washington, . . .	268
Terra Maris, . . .	268
The Doré Bible, . . .	268
An Offering of Sympathy to the Afflicted, . . .	268
Our Father's Business, . . .	268
The New York Medical Journal, . . .	269
Amendments to the International Rev- enue Laws, . . .	269
True Protestant Ritualism, . . .	269
LITERARIANA, . . .	269

## HOWARD & CO., JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS,

619 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE THAT THEIR STOCK IS LARGE, AND INCLUDES ALL THAT IS NEW AND DESIRABLE;  
THAT IN ITS SELECTION THEY HAVE AVOIDED EVERYTHING OF AN INFERIOR QUALITY;  
THAT THEY ARE DETERMINED TO ATTRACT PURCHASERS WITH LOW PRICES;  
AND THEY INVITE A VISIT FROM ALL, WHETHER THEY DESIRE TO PURCHASE OR NOT.

## CANVASSERS WANTED.

THE NEW JERSEY MAGAZINE, PUBLISHED IN NEWARK, N. J., IS DEVOTED TO GENERAL LITERATURE. THE FIRST NUMBER FOR MAY IS JUST OUT, AND HAS ALREADY RECEIVED A MOST FLATTERING RECEPTION FROM THE PRESS AND PUBLIC. ADDRESS OR APPLY AT THE OFFICE, 343 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.

### MAY NUMBER NOW READY.

## THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE,

Containing Two Splendid Full-Page Illustrations, besides numerous smaller engravings interspersed throughout its pages. Fifteen excellent Original Articles: Among the Trees; A Musical Pair of Suspenders; The Ballad of Chevy Chase, Part 2; Haying Time; A Chinese Printer at Work; The Robin's Nest; The Origin of Leap Frog, etc., etc.

Subscription price for the year, \$2 50.

### NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

CLUB RATES.—Three copies, \$6 50; five copies, \$10; ten copies \$20, and an extra copy gratis. Single copies, 25 cents. The first number will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of 20 cents.

AGENTS AND CANVASSERS WANTED IN EVERY PART OF THE COUNTRY.

Clergymen and Teachers supplied with the Magazine one year for \$3

**HURD & HOUGHTON, Publishers,**  
495 Broome Street, New York.

No one whose Business requires extensive Advertising can afford to neglect the unusual facilities offered to the public by Geo. P. Putnam & Co., Advertising Agents, 40 Park Row, New York. Call and see them, or send stamp for circular.

## G. P. PUTNAM & SON

HAVE NOW READY:

**Benedicite;** Being Illustrations of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of the Creator. By G. Chaplin Child, M.D. Reprinted from the London edition of John Murray. Introduced by the Rev. Henry G. Weston, D.D. Elegantly printed and bound. Post 8vo, \$3 50.

"These volumes are well suited to foster a taste for natural history, and to inspire feelings of awe and gratitude towards the Author of creation."—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

"Such books raise and ennoble the mind of the reader by familiarizing it with the wonders of the earth and heavens, and imbuing his whole spirit with the glory of the Architect by whose almighty word they were called into existence."—*Quarterly Review*.

"This is one of the most charming books of the kind that we have ever met with. The astronomical chapters are models in their way, thoroughly untechnical and, we should think, extremely intelligible to persons who have had no mathematical training."—*Literary Churchman*.

"Dr. Child's is no common book. It is full of important scientific facts, pervaded by devout religious feeling, and is a book fitted for the highest order of young and enquiring minds."—*English Independent*.

"So far as religion is concerned, there is no reason why science should not be made, as the present author has made it, one of her foremost handmaids, aiding us in our comprehension of the glories of the Creator. Dr. Child's work is a valuable contribution."—*John Bull*.

JUST PUBLISHED:

**Natural Theology:** Lectures on Natural Theology; or, Nature and the Bible from the same Author. Delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston. By P. A. Chadbourn, A.M., Professor of Natural History in Williams College, etc. Post 8vo, fine edition, \$3; students' edition, \$1 75.

**Tuckerman's Papers on Paris.** Cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents.

**Maga Stories.** Cloth, \$1 25; paper, 75 cents.

**G. P. PUTNAM & SON,**

661 Broadway, New York.

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

### THE NEW BOOK OF TRAVELS.

"We congratulate M. Du Chailu on the production of a book that cannot fail to enhance his reputation, both as a brave and intelligent traveller and as a clever and animated narrator. Take it all in all, we can fairly say that a more fascinating book of travels has not come under our notice. No department of observation is neglected."—*Standard*.

NOW READY,

With Map and 30 Illustrations. 8vo, \$1.

### A JOURNEY TO ASHANGO-LAND,

AND

FURTHER PENETRATION INTO EQUATORIAL AFRICA.  
By PAUL B. DU CHAILU, author of Explorations in Equatorial Africa.

*Guardian*.—"Du Chailu's New Travels is a picturesque and interesting story."  
*Morning Herald*.—"No one will grudge M. Du Chailu the honor and fame he has received."  
*Nonconformist*.—"Du Chailu's New Travels is a narrative full of excitement."

*People's Magazine*.—"A work of considerable importance to Geographical Science."  
*Churchman*.—"Du Chailu's New Travels is a book of more than ordinary interest."

*Observer*.—"One of the most successful of modern travels."  
*John Bull*.—"Du Chailu's New Travels is full of thrilling adventures."

*Naturalist's Note-Book*.—"A truthful description of a strange and wonderful country."  
*Sunday Gazette*.—"Du Chailu's New Travels is a most interesting and valuable work."

*Land and Water*.—"A volume well worthy of perusal."  
*Standard*.—"Du Chailu's present book of travels is unrivalled."

*London Review*.—"A volume of travels in the highest degree interesting."  
*Globe*.—"A volume intensely interesting."

*Gardener's Chronicle*.—"In Du Chailu's New Travels there is much to amuse and instruct the reader."

**D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,**

443 and 445 Broadway, New York.

Mr. C. H. Webb invites the attention of the Trade and the Public to the following new and live books, the first instalments of his catalogue. Other new and popular works will follow in rapid succession:

**The Jumping Frog and Other Sketches.** By Mark Twain. (Ready on Wednesday, April 24.) 12mo, English cloth, bevelled edges, \$1 50.

This is the first published book of this celebrated and rising humorist. Abounding with the quaintest and rarest wit, which never degenerates into coarseness, it cannot fail to have an extensive sale.

**St. Twel'mo.** By the author of *Lifith Lank*. Illustrated by Sol Eytinge. (Ready on Saturday, April 27.) 16mo, paper, illustrated cover, 50 cents; English cloth, bevelled edges, \$1.

This travesty of a late and notorious novel is in all respects a companion work to the successful *brochure*, *Lifith Lank*. The illustrations are in Eytinge's best vein, and wherever *St. Elmo* has gone, *St. Twel'mo* should obtain a hearing.

**Lifith Lank.** (A new and enlarged edition now ready.) 16mo, paper, illustrated cover, 50 cents; English cloth, bevelled edges, \$1.

This travesty of Charles Reade's ambiguous and bigamous novel, which has been received with the most signal favor by the press and public of this country and of Europe, is now in the seventh edition.

Arrangements have been made for supplying the trade with the above books through the American News Company, to whom Booksellers should send their orders at once.

\*.\* Single copies sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by

**C. H. WEBB, Publisher,**

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, AGENTS,

119 and 121 Nassau Street, New York.

### NOW READY.

## CONINGTON'S ÆNEID.

WIDDLETON, Publisher,

17 MERCER STREET, NEW YORK.

### THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL,

Translated into English verse (Scott's ballad metre) by JOHN CONINGTON, M.A., Latin Professor in the University of Oxford. An elegant library edition, in large, clear type, handsomely printed on toned paper. 1 vol. crown 8vo, bevelled boards, uncut, \$2 50; half calf, \$4.

"The very lightest, freshest, and yet most accurate metrical translation of Virgil that has yet been added to our literature."—*London Examiner*.

"As we are enticed on by its magic muse, we cannot doubt that Professor Conington has chosen the best metre."—*London Athenæum*.

"It is scarcely possible within our present limits to do justice to the critical and poetical qualities displayed in this translation."—*London Saturday Review*.

"Professor Conington's translation will certainly do much to increase among the general public a right understanding and appreciation of the great Roman poet."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

"It was reserved for Mr. Conington to give us a thoroughly English phase of poetry which has all the vigor as well as the sense of Virgil."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

For sale at the principal bookstores, and mailed by publisher on receipt of price.

### NEW GUIDE BOOK TO PARIS AND THE FRENCH EXPOSITION.

#### OVER-SEA:

ALL ABOUT ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND SCOTLAND. By Henry Morford, Esq. 12mo, cloth, bevelled edges, price \$1 75. Trade supplied.

**HILTON & CO., Publishers,**

128 Nassau Street, New York.

## DAVID G. FRANCIS

(FORMERLY C. S. FRANCIS & Co.),

DEALER IN NEW AND OLD BOOKS,

506 BROADWAY (UP-STAIRS).

Priced catalogues of books in stock issued from time to time and will be forwarded free to any address.

Orders for any obtainable books promptly filled.

**Franklin and Jackson, Man of Thought and Man of Action,** with Portraits—Mark Lemon, of *London Punch*—Portraits of Nineteen Kings and Queens of Sweden—A Cherokee Legend; The Origin of the Human Race, of Game and Indian Corn—Phrenology in Schools—The Metric System—Tight Lacing—Muscular Power—Effects of a Bad Dream—National Salutations—Shopping—Charity—Total Depravity—The Active and Passive—Origin of Life—Pope's Essay on Man—in May PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. 30 cts., or \$2 a year. Address S. R. WELLS, Editor, 339 Broadway, New York. All newsmen have it.

# GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,

LONDON,

AND

416 BROOME STREET, NEW YORK,

HAVE JUST COMPLETED THE PUBLICATION OF

## THE POULTRY BOOK.

By W. B. TEGETMEIER.

A magnificent royal 8vo volume, containing thirty large and beautifully colored Plates, from Drawings by Harrison Weir, and numerous engravings on wood.

In this magnificent work not only have the more ornamental Breeds been described with unusual accuracy, but great attention has been paid to the more practical details of profitable Poultry keeping. The most approved modes of fattening, as followed in England, and the methods adopted to produce the splendid fat Capons and Poulardee of the Paris Poultry Shows are described at length.

No work so fully and profusely illustrated has ever before been published on the subject.

Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, price \$9.

The publication of The Poultry Book will be followed by a new work, by the same author, on

### PIGEONS,

to be completed in eight Monthly Parts; the first of which will be ready in New York about the end of April, and which will be uniform in size, type, and style of illustration with The Poultry Book. It will be illustrated by a large number of beautifully colored plates of all the chief varieties of Pigeons, and numerous plain engravings, showing the heads and characteristic points of each breed, designed by Harrison Weir.

It will give practical designs for the construction of Dove Cots and Pigeon Lofts, and will embrace the most minute details of the characteristics not only of all the breeds of high class Pigeons, but also of every variety of Toys.

Price per number, fifty cents.

All orders for the work given through Booksellers should guarantee that the complete work will be taken, and all orders sent direct to the Publishers must be accompanied by a remittance in full for the eight numbers.

### WORKS ON COOKERY, DOMESTIC ECONOMY, ETC.

**The Manual of Domestic Economy;** including Directions for the Management of the Nursery and Sick Room, and the preparation and administration of domestic medicines. By J. H. Walsh, F.R.C.S., assisted by a committee of ladies, and illustrated with more than 200 wood engravings. Post 8vo, half bound, \$5.

**Jarrin's Italian Confectioner;** a Complete Economy of Desserts, according to the most modern and approved practice. A new edition, illustrated with a steel portrait and drawings of various utensils. Fcap 8vo, half bound, \$1 50.

**Soyer's Cookery for the People;** Embracing an Entirely New System of Plain Cookery and Domestic Economy. Fcap 8vo, boards, 40 cents.

**Mrs. Rundell's Domestic Cookery;** Formed upon Principles of Economy, and Adapted to the Use of Private Families. With numerous illustrations. Fcap 8vo, boards, 40 cents; cloth, 60 cents.

**The Common Things of Every-day Life:** A Book of Home Wisdom for Mothers and Daughters. By Anne Bowman. Fcap 8vo, boards, 40 cents.

**Practical Housekeeping;** OR, THE DUTIES OF A HOME WIFE. By Mrs. Pedley. Fcap 8vo, cloth boards, 40 cents.

**Francatelli's Cookery Book for the Working Classes.** Fcap 8vo, cloth boards, 30 cents.

**The Cook's Own Book;** A Manual of Cookery for the Kitchen and the Cottage. By Georgiana Hill. Fcap 8vo, flexible cloth covers, price 30 cents.

**How to Cook Apples;** in a hundred different ways of dressing that fruit. By Georgiana Hill. Fcap 8vo, flexible cloth covers, price 30 cents.

**How to Cook Rabbits in One Hundred and Twenty-four Different Ways.** By Georgiana Hill. Fcap 8vo, flexible cloth covers, price 30 cents.

**How to Cook and Serve Eggs in One Hundred Different Ways.** By Georgiana Hill. Fcap 8vo, flexible cloth covers, price 30 cents.

**How to Cook and Dress Potatoes in One Hundred Different Ways.** By Georgiana Hill. Fcap 8vo, flexible cloth cover, price 30 cents.

**How to Cook Fish in One Hundred Different Ways.** By Georgiana Hill. Fcap 8vo, flexible cloth cover, price 30 cents.

### RECENT PUBLICATIONS OF INTEREST:

**Germany from the Baltic to the Adriatic;** or, Prussia, Austria, and Venetia with reference to the late war. By Captain Spencer. Illustrated by numerous portraits. Post 8vo, cloth, price \$3.

**Half-hours with the Best Letter-writers and Autobiographers.** Forming a collection of Memoirs and Anecdotes of Eminent Persons. By Charles Knight. Post 8vo, cloth, price \$3.

**Dr. Goethe's Courtship:** A Tale of Domestic Life, from the German. Square 8vo, cloth, price \$1 50.

**The Journal of a London Playgoer from 1851 to 1866.** By Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature in University College, London. Fcap 8vo, cloth, \$2.

**Men I have Known.** A series of Biographical Sketches of many of the leading Statesmen and Men of Science and Literature during the last eighty years. By William Jerdan. Post 8vo, cloth, price \$4.

\*.\* Copies of any of the above will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the advertised price.

### NOW READY, GOULD'S GOOD ENGLISH.

WIDDLETON, Publisher,

17 MERCER STREET, NEW YORK.

### GOOD ENGLISH;

OR,

### POPULAR ERRORS IN LANGUAGE.

By EDWARD B. GOULD, author of *Abridgment of Alison's Europe*, etc. A handsome 19mo volume, price \$1 50.

"Mr. Gould has confined himself to the exposure and analysis of such errors as are familiar to and in common use by every one. The reader will be surprised to find how many have crept into the language and received the sanction of the usage of good writers; and how incorrect are many words and expressions that everybody seems to suppose are unquestionably good English. Such a work is very much needed at the present time, and a careful study and following of its suggestions would lead to a general improvement in the style of all writers and speakers of the language."

### LATE PUBLICATIONS:

### CONINGTON'S ÆNEID.

### THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL.

Translated into English verse (Scott's Ballad Metre) by John Conington, M.A., Latin Professor in the University of Oxford. Large, clear type, handsomely printed on toned paper. 1 vol. crown 8vo, bevelled boards, cloth, cut or uncut edges, \$2 50; half calf, \$4.

### PHILIP THE SECOND OF SPAIN.

By Charles Gayarré, author of *The History of Louisiana*. With an Introductory Letter by George Bancroft. An elegant octavo, price \$3.

### EDGAR A. POE'S PROSE TALES.

In two volumes, each volume being complete in itself, and containing an entire Series of Tales. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, \$2 25 each.

This collection of the Tales of Edgar A. Poe, detached from his other prose writings, is made by the publisher in compliance with an often-expressed desire of many persons who wish to possess these characteristic productions of his genius in a convenient and cheap form.

For sale at the principal bookstores, and mailed by publisher on receipt of price.

### READY THIS WEEK.

### PHOTOGRAPHIC COPIES OF MULLEN'S PORTRAIT OF ARTEMUS WARD

(CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE).

WITH CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE CHOICEST AND MOST COMICAL SUBJECTS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN HUMORIST.

Imperial Carte de Visite size, and mounted on superfine board (size of board 8 x 10), with Lithographic Border in Tint. Price 50 cents.

A Liberal Discount made to the Trade. Agents and Canvasers wanted.

All Orders should be addressed to

H. E. TUDOR,

Box 1508, N. Y.; 93 and 94 Grand St., N. Y.

### BROWN, WATKINS & SHAW,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF STATIONERY,

LITHOGRAPHERS, PRINTERS,

AND

BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

198 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

\*.\* Prompt attention paid to Orders by Mail.

THE

### AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

POPULAR INSTRUCTION AND LITERATURE.

### CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1867:

I. Instruction of the People in the Nineteenth Century. Part I. Popular Education in American Schools. By M. Emile de Laveleye, in *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

II. Earthquakes: Their Causes, etc.

III. Isometric Drawing.

IV. John Boyd: A Story of School Life.

V. Subterranean Resources of the Great Lakes.

VI. Educational Aphorisms.

VII. Juvenile Crimes.

VIII. Foreign Estimate of American Schools.

IX. The Study of Grammar in our Schools.

X. Virginia's Estimate of the Peabody Educational Gift.

XI. Educational Intelligence: United States, Great Britain, France, Spain, Hindostan, China.

XII. Reviews of Current Publications.

XIII. Inventions for Schools.—New American School Desk and Settee.

XIV. Descriptions and Price Lists of School-books and all Articles for use in Schools.

Price \$1 50 per annum. Specimens by mail, prepaid, 15 cents.

### CLUB RATES ARE LIBERAL.

Teachers and Clergymen may obtain, in exchange for a little work in the educational field, a copy of WEBSTER'S ROYAL QUARTO DICTIONARY, price \$12.

J. W. SCHERMERHORN &amp; CO.,

430 Broome Street, New York.

### NEW BOOKS FROM THE PRESS

OF

J. B. LIPPINCOTT &amp; CO.,

PUBLISHERS.

### NEW AMERICA.

By Wm. HEPPWORTH DIXON, editor of *The Athenaeum*, and author of *The Holy Land*, *William Penn*, etc. With Illustrations from Original Photographs. Second edition. Complete in 1 vol. crown octavo, printed on tinted paper, extra cloth, price \$2 75.

"In these graphic volumes Mr. Dixon sketches American men and women, sharply, vigorously, and truthfully, under every aspect. The smart Yankee, the grave politician, the senate and the stage, the pulpit and the prairie, loafers and philanthropists, crowded streets and the howling wilderness, the saloon and the boudoir, with women everywhere at full length—all passes on before us in some of the most vivid and brilliant pages ever written."—*Dublin University Magazine*.

"Mr. Dixon's *New America* is a book of books. He writes with vast knowledge and vigor, and no work has ever appeared which furnishes so accurate and just an appreciation of the colossal social and religious eccentricities which flourish in the United States, and of their present and future significance. As a contribution to this end, Mr. Dixon's book is invaluable."—*London Lancet*.

**Last Days of a King.** An Historical Romance. Translated from the German of Moritz Hartmann by Mary E. Niles. 12mo, cloth, price \$1 50.

**Terra Mariæ;** or, Threads of Maryland Colonial History. By Edward D. Neill, one of the Secretaries of the President of the United States. 12mo, cloth, price \$2.

**Sorghum and its Products.** A General Treatise on Sorghum and its manufacture into Sugar and Syrups. By F. L. Stewart. 12mo.

**A Tutor's Counsel to His Pupils.** En Avant, Messieurs! Letters and Essays. By the Rev. G. H. D. Mathias, M.A. Second edition. Small 12mo, extra cloth, price \$1 50.

"This truly admirable little volume is made up of scattered fragments of instruction, furnished by the author in his capacity of tutor to a pupil. It comprises a series of brief essays on such topics as these: On the Study of Language; Where had I best Travel? On Style; On English Composition; On Novels; How to give Money Away; A Little Learning is Not a Dangerous Thing, etc. They are written in a lively, easy style, and abound with practical suggestions and information of the highest value. The writer's power of illustrating and enforcing his precepts by the adduction of pertinent facts is remarkable, and such as tutors are rarely blessed with. The essays on Style and English Composition are particularly worthy of perusal; and every page of the book contains matter that will profit not only the young but the old."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

**Poems.** By Mrs. Frances Dana Gage. Printed on fine tinted paper, 19mo, cloth, bevelled boards, price \$1 75.

**Letters on Redemption.** Letters to Dr. Anderson by Joseph John Gurney. The Origin and History of the celebrated Tract on Redemption, now published from the Autograph Letters. Compiled by Wm. J. Allinson. 19mo, neat cloth, price 50 cents.

**True Protestant Ritualism.** Being a review of a book entitled *The Law of Ritualism*. By the Rev. Charles H. Hall, D.D., Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C. 16mo, extra cloth, price \$1 50.

**An Essay on the Steam Boiler.** By Joseph Harrison Jr., M.E. Illustrated. 1 vol. 16mo, cloth.

**Peace, and Other Poems.** By John J. White. 1 vol. small 19mo.

### NEARLY READY.

**Elsie Magoon;** or, The Old Mill House. A Temperance Tale. Founded upon the actual experience of every-day life. By Mrs. Frances D. Gage. 1 vol. 19mo.

**The Invisibles:** An Explanation of Phenomena commonly called Spiritual. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth.

**Coming Wonders, expected between 1867 and 1875.** By the Rev. M. Baxter, author of *The Coming Battle*. 1 vol. 12mo.

\*.\* These works are for sale by Booksellers generally, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT &amp; CO.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Editors are happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but they cannot in any case return MSS. which are not accepted, nor will they hold interviews or correspondence respecting them.

## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867.

### WAR IN EUROPE AND OURSELVES.

WHEN it became apparent, a week or two ago, that there was a chance of war in Europe, the premium on gold rose. Now the chance of war has grown into strong probability, and again gold flutters upward. A rise in gold is simply a fall in the current value of our Treasury's promises to pay. It is hard to see why these should be worth any less because of war on the other side of the Atlantic. We do not expect to take part in the fight. The war there will entail no loss nor expense upon our Treasury. We have a thousand times more to fear from our own Congress than from all the armed hosts of the Eastern world.

Thirty years ago the governor of the Bank of England could not look grave without putting all Wall Street into a temper of gloom. If the Bank of England put up the rate of interest, money-lenders here buttoned up their pockets in affright. We have grown very rapidly since then, but we have not yet grown out of the boyish notion that Europe holds our purse-strings. In the first year of our civil war we quietly made up our minds that we could not afford to buy much from abroad, and at once a stream of thirty or forty millions of coin flowed in upon us. This should have satisfied us that the old days, when we were always at the mercy of foreign countries because always heavily indebted to them, were past. Such of our securities as capitalists abroad hold have been bought by them because they are better investments than they can find at home; these never constitute a cash claim of any amount against us. If ever there was a period when men in Europe would have been likely to hurry American securities back into our own markets for conversion into money, it was at the first alarm from the southern rebellion; our government stocks were sent back at that time very freely, and so were many other securities; but with all that were sent the cash balance remained strongly on our side, as was proved by the gold flowing this way. And this, notwithstanding that we were at that time compelled to resort to Europe for blankets and muskets and many other things which our own factories were not ready to supply for the army. But for our unfortunate resort to paper-money we should probably have held Europe in this same financial relation to us during the whole war. Last year there was a great panic in London, and the English papers foolishly ascribed it to the heavy unpaid indebtedness of American merchants to their English correspondents; a statement of our relations which was true thirty years ago, to wit, in 1837; but it has hardly been true at any time since. The official returns of the British government of the trade between England and this country for several recent years show, if such figures show anything, that the boot is on the other leg.

Excited by the London panic, our Secretary of the Treasury foolishly sold nearly all the gold in his coffers at 130 when it was worth 150, and thirty millions of coin, thus thrown at a low price upon our market, where there was no use for it, found its way rapidly to London and quieted the panic. So far was this thirty millions beyond what was needed to cancel all possible cash claims upon this country, that before all of it had arrived in England some of it was on its way back again. Yet the English papers had insisted and some of our people had believed that we owed in England four or five times as much. The Englishmen welcomed the gold to help them out of their scrape, but some among them laughed in their sleeves at the alacrity of our Treasury to help their finances at the expense of our own.

Many believe that if there is war in Europe gold will be wanted there and, therefore, will be carried thither in large quantities; that Louis Napoleon, who knows the value of a solid basis to his finances, will contrive to carry off most of our coin. Of course

any one can buy coin in our market who has wherewithal to pay for it. But French kickshaws are not of very abundant sale in this country just now, if the gloomy accounts we hear from importers be correct. On the other hand, so far as can be seen at this time of year, the prospects of the grain crops both in France and England are not promising, so that if Napoleon turns out a large number of his workmen into the unproductive fields of war, he may be glad to convert any balance he can command in this country into corn instead of coin. One thing is certain, that the gold which is in our Treasury and which is the basis of our financial system neither Louis Napoleon nor any one else can get hold of except by the free consent of the Secretary of the Treasury. The hundred millions or so of coin now in the Treasury can be kept there, happen what may, unless the Secretary should again be so softened as to regard the distresses of European finance more than the needs of his own. No one has a rightful claim upon this fund except the public creditors to whom gold-interest is due, and for their claims the current revenue will suffice. As to coin which may be in the hands of the people, if the Secretary wishes to keep that from going abroad he must stop making gold artificially abundant and cheap through sales from his own stock. The more abundant he makes gold in the open market the cheaper it will be relatively to other goods, and the cheaper it is relatively to other goods the surer is it to be exported instead of other goods; the cheaper it is relatively to other goods the more likely, too, are foreign goods to be sent hither to be exchanged for it.

When this war panic first occurred in Europe, our government bonds fell heavily in Frankfurt; the markets of Paris and London, in some degree, responded to the fall; our own market showed no more signs of yielding to the decline in prices than if there had been no such place as Europe in existence. Our market and not the European market regulates the price of our government bonds; they will buy them, of course, in Europe as cheap as we are willing to sell them, but if we could manage to put up their price here ten or twenty per cent., the Europeans would continue to buy them, and all the more eagerly that we manifested strong confidence in them ourselves. Herein, too, is proof of the folly of our going to Europe to negotiate a special loan on terms intended to coax people there into buying; here at home is the place to inspire confidence, here where the people can watch every step made towards putting the Treasury into a sounder condition. When our own moneyed men have confidence enough to buy our six per cent. bonds at par, the people of Europe will take them more eagerly at par than they now do at eighty.

We have much more coin in our Treasury to-day than the Bank of England is in the habit of holding; and of this much gold we cannot lose possession except by the Secretary voluntarily scattering it abroad. Unfortunately our Treasury owes more in demand claims against it than the Bank of England does, and, therefore, has need of a still further sum in coin to make it as strong as the Bank. In a few months our Treasury could lay by gold enough out of its revenue to put all its promises in high credit. We regret that it is not likely to pursue this straightforward course. But the country, in spite of all its losses of capital by the war, and all its embarrassments from a fluctuating currency, is strong and growing. If troubles come to us, they will come from our own want of wisdom in managing our home finances, not by reflection from troubles in Europe. Troubles in Europe must have the natural effect of making our securities preferred by the timid and the prudent there. It was observed that little effect of the kind was perceptible as a consequence of the last Franco-Austrian war; but the duration of that war was too brief to furnish any conclusive test, and a war between France and Prussia to-day will be very different from a war between France and Austria ten years ago. Such a conflict will tend to draw our bonds rather than our gold abroad, especially if we set to work earnestly to make our bonds as good as gold. But were France and Prussia both wiped out of existence, this country would not feel it to its disadvantage as much as it would three months' dry weather in the state of New York when the hay crop is growing.

### USURY LAWS.

SOUTH CAROLINA and Rhode Island have cast aside laws prescribing rates of interest. The former has been looked upon as a benighted member of our political family, obstinate in clinging to old errors; the latter is the least among us. Wisdom often passes by the learned and the powerful and makes her home with the unlearned and the little ones. In these two states full-grown men are now looked upon as fit to make their own bargains. The wisdom of a hundred or so of official personages, commonly called the government, is not by them put above the wisdom of the whole people in private dealings. Governments have sometimes tried to fix the price of a loaf of bread. Our city government to this day lays down the rate at which every hack-driver shall charge for the hire of his horses, assuming that men who drive hacks are able to take care of themselves and those who can afford to be driven in carriages are not. Prices of sirloin steaks and prices of neck-pieces, the wages of workmen and rents of houses, and other like things have, at times, been meddled with by governments. Experience has taught that buyer and seller, lessor and lessee can better for all be left to make their own bargains.

Laws to restrain buyers and sellers have been, long ago, laughed out of existence; laws to restrain borrower and lender are still looked upon by many as right and wise. Yet the borrower is only a buyer, the lender a seller. The borrower buys the temporary use of property, just as a purchaser buys its permanent use; a lender is simply one who sells his property for a time. There is no such thing as borrowing money. Money is simply the convenient instrument wherewith we facilitate buying and selling of other things; in borrowing it is the same convenient temporary instrument, and nothing more, to facilitate the borrowing and lending of other more useful property. No man seeks to borrow money—that is, his aim is not to get and keep the money. His aim is to get possession of some other form of useful capital. When we intend not to borrow, but to buy outright, we exchange something that we have for money and then exchange the money for the thing we wish to buy. We use money in the transaction only to save the time that would be wasted in barter. So the lender exchanges something that he has for money, and hands the money to the borrower only to enable the latter to exchange the money at once for something else of a more useful nature, of which it is the borrower's real aim to get hold. Nor is there any such thing as interest on money, and money can in no way be made to yield interest or revenue. It will not breed, shylock to the contrary notwithstanding. No man can hire money, whether in the shape of coin or bank-notes, keeping it and paying interest, except at the loss of all the interest he pays. He must at once part with the money for something else if he would save himself from loss. When a man borrows money, as it is called, on mortgage, for the purpose of building a house, he borrows bricks and mortar and labor; and it is because he, in fact, borrows these useful things that he can afford to pay interest. So, if he borrows money on security of a lot of land, not to improve it but to keep the land for a rise in value, he borrows not money but land. If one borrows money for the purpose of speculating in flour or sugar, he borrows flour and sugar. All who are competent to buy houses or land or flour or sugar without government looking after them to see that they make no bad bargains, are competent to borrow a house or a lot of land, or half or two-thirds of a house and lot, and to borrow flour and sugar without government coming in to help them make their bargains. In every case of borrowing and lending an exchange of other form of property than money is at the bottom of the transaction, just as the simple result of all buying and selling is the exchange of goods among the people. It would be no more absurd for government to fix the price at which men shall buy and sell land and houses and goods than it is to fix the rates at which they shall hire them. All the transactions which we erroneously define as borrowing money are simply the hiring of lands or houses or goods of some kind. If a man buys a house and lot, the law leaves buyer and seller free to make their own bargain. If a man borrows a whole house, that is, leases it for a

few years, the law still leaves both the lessor and the lessee to assent, each for himself, to what terms they think fit. But when a man borrows half a house, that is to say, when he buys a house and borrows half its value on mortgage, then the law thinks it necessary to fix the terms for him. The same man whom the law deems competent to borrow a whole house on his own terms, it pronounces incompetent to borrow half a house.

We are always prating of freedom and free government. These phrases either mean that every man shall be as free from government interference in his affairs as the preservation of order will allow, or they mean nothing. Yet in the monarchies of England and France men are free to choose between coats made abroad and home-made coats, between foreign and homespun sheetings and shirtings and flannels and carpets and other things of daily need, while here we inflict an average fine of fifty per cent. on every one who buys a foreign-made article. So we prate, in this great commercial state of New York, not only of our freedom but of the intelligence and business skill of our people. Yet we, unlike benighted South Carolina and dwarfish Rhode Island, are afraid to trust our full-grown men to manage their own very simple business transactions, in which no interests are involved save those of the parties to the transactions.

#### THE SLUR UPON ISRAEL.

A VERY delicate question has lately risen between some of the Fire Insurance companies and our fellow-citizens of the Hebrew faith, which is greatly to be regretted on the score of the ill-feeling it has engendered and the extreme invidiousness of the distinction sought to be set up. In some Christian countries, notably in Poland, Jews, as such, are still subjected to disabilities which enlightened people cannot but regard as barbarous relics of bygone ages; but in the most civilized nations of Europe such distinctions have one by one been swept away, and in England the recent abrogation of the rule which prevented Jews from sitting in Parliament has marked the culmination of that liberal and tolerant public feeling which fully recognizes the impolicy and injustice of attaching even a negative stigma to the profession of any religious faith. It has been perceived that, even if there are faults characteristic of individuals belonging to any particular form of belief, they are likely to be perpetuated, just as in a great degree they have been produced, by disabilities which, if they were ever excusable or necessary, are certainly so no longer. For private corporations to seek to impose disabilities which the state has deliberately eschewed is, to say least, an unfortunate circumstance; and it is peculiarly unfortunate in a country where distinctions between man and man are theoretically ignored, and in which no particular religious faith is either recognized or supported by the state.

The condition of things is briefly as follows: Some of the Fire Insurance companies have insured a great many Hebrews, chiefly Germans and doing business for the most part as small shopkeepers. Towards the 1st of May, by a singular fatality, a disproportionate number of these policy-holders have been burned out. The companies believe that they have been unjustly defrauded both in connection with the origin of the fires and in the amount of the claimed losses. But close investigation, the obvious remedy, has, as they urge, profited nothing, since the claimants are invariably supported by numerous witnesses of their own persuasion who swear through thick and thin in support of their representations. The companies, therefore, announce that, as their sole means for self-protection, they will no longer ensure applicants of the obnoxious stamp and faith for the future. For a single company to take such a stand would be impolitic and damaging; hence a considerable number of them have banded together in taking it for purposes of mutual protection and support.

Now, any company has clearly a right to accept or decline any particular risk at its pleasure; but it seems to us that a grave error has been committed in deducing a general principle from particular instances and in its offensively public announcement as

a rule of business action. If a certain class of traders in a given locality, whether in Chatham Street or elsewhere, have made themselves obnoxious to suspicion, however unfortunate it may be for the innocent among their number, it is reasonable that their course should be rigidly scrutinized and, if deemed prudent by responsible officers, that their insurance should be declined; such a policy would be entirely defensible, whether they were Jews or Christians, Yankees or Turks; but its basis should not be ostentatiously published as one of creed or nationality, but simply as one of moral character. If there is a difficulty about bringing moral character to a test it should be met and faced. It is surely cruel and unjust to get over the difficulty by lumping all together who happen to be of a particular faith, and thus to brand a whole society which numbers some of the most exemplary persons in the community because it is not found easy to bring home wrong-doing to a few.

Jews are said to be keen business men, but for that matter so are Yankees; and we think, with all respect, that this is the last community in which to taboo any special class for sharp practice, which is so far a rule as to admit little chance for getting on to such as are unable or unwilling to meet or to be guided by it. We should be glad to see higher principles of commercial honor in vogue than those which generally obtain among us; but, as the case stands, we cannot see that our business world is so immaculate as to justify its making a scape-goat of a particular class and that upon the singularly intolerant ground of its religious convictions. At the same time, and while acknowledging the propriety of Hebrews as a body objecting to the affront thus put upon them, and their right if they choose to give their remonstrance public expression, we scarcely think the letter to the companies signed by Mr. Nathan an altogether tasteful and judicious one. The implicit threat which it contains is likely to cool the warmth of a sympathy which would tend to become quite general, and to prejudice a cause which on the whole, in view of the facts, would have been better subserved by dignified silence.

There is no danger of the whole Hebrew community being given over to contempt because Insurance companies refuse policies to dealers in old clothes and pinchbeck jewelry. We all know how many excellent citizens and worthy men are included by their society. We know that some of our ablest merchants, bankers, and professional men are Jews; that some of our most meritorious artists, surgeons, and writers profess the same faith; that leading directors of amusements and a large proportion of the most successful performers are either Jews or of Jewish extraction; that the singers, musicians, and actors who are most followed are in truth of this ancient persuasion. No one thinks less of these individuals for their religion or would think more of them were it other than it is. Some of the most prominent publicists of Europe are Jews; and from the English Chancellor of the Exchequer down it cannot be said that the fact has substantially prejudiced their advancement or impaired the estimation in which they are held. The tendency of civilization is to think less and less of what men profess and what they are called, and more and more of what they are and what they achieve; and this is applicable to theological distinctions in a more emphatic sense than to any others.

So far as relates to the immediate issue which has been raised, we should judge it could be easily and amicably settled. Two methods suggest themselves which, although open to some objections, might still be satisfactory to those immediately interested. One would be to have two or more Jewish directors in each great company who should be largely interested in its fortunes, and who should have immediate supervision and control of the class of risks just declined. This arrangement presents very obvious advantages, and we doubt not would work successfully. Another expedient, which might be more practicable, although, like the other, it is not free from the disadvantage of associating religious convictions with business interests, would be to have Hebrew Mutual companies, so that both risks and profits should be exclusively participated in by Jews them-

selves. On the whole, we are disposed to think that this would be the best plan which could be adopted, since by its means the wealthy and respectable gentlemen who have just protested against the imputation levelled at their people might well, by subscribing the requisite funds, evince their sense of its injustice, while the existing companies who have put themselves in an embarrassing and ungracious position might be relieved of the hazards and anxieties which a retreat from it would be likely to bring them in the future.

#### MAY-DAY.

AMONG a people who have no May-pole in their land it is impossible that the ceremonials which clustered about it in the mother country should escape falling into desuetude. Had we ever adopted them the Revolution would pretty certainly have banished time-honored festivities that savored so strongly of Morris England as the pageantry of Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the hobby-horse, and the morris-dancers. That merriment has entirely departed from England we are not prepared to say, but it is the sad truth that even there a degenerate age has permitted the May-pole to fall before the doom pronounced against it by the Puritans and May-Day itself to be forgotten, except where some jolly squire, reverent of ancestral traditions, preserves for it a sickly, artificial existence. As for us, Don Quixote himself, if he would but make a tour of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and our cities in general, would despair of exciting any enthusiasm for Arcadian scenes and pastoral sports in the minds of the little men and women who are the modern substitute for children. Altogether, the Queen of the May—we confess it with all sorrow—is as hopelessly deposed as the Bourbons, and the pedagogue rules with unrelaxed sway over her legitimate subjects on May-Day, just as he does the rest of the year.

This is not wholly our fault. The Romans—to whom be all honor for originating May-Day—made the season the occasion of a three-days' festival in honor of Flora. Probably the Druids, who had a good time after their own idea of a good time, did so from a conviction that somehow it was associated with summer and flowers and birds and green things. In Italy, and even in England, men had reason to believe that on entering May they had passed the dividing line and entered Summer. Goldsmith, in fact, notes the impropriety of Winter lingering in the lap of May. With us, unfortunately, nothing of the sort is the case. Hans Christian Andersen's sparrow might just as truly have said in New York what we find him saying in Denmark, "The calendar is only an invention of men, and is not arranged according to nature. They ought to leave these things to us, who are born cleverer than they." And, indeed, if any sparrow familiar with the calendar does not accuse us of stupidity his reticence must be attributed to his own good breeding and not to any merits of ours; but we suspect that this is one of the topics the birds discourse upon with such animation. The fact is that our reckoning is two or three weeks in advance of the seasons. The old adages about March coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb, about March winds and March dust, April showers and May flowers, have all come to be mere nonsense, and can only be reconciled with fact by moving the almanac a few weeks ahead. On the theoretical First of May we have in reality half of April with its showers and consequent flowers still in prospective, and a proposal to become enthusiastic over them in advance would be preposterous enough to justify a feeling like Mr. Micawber's about Britannia—What has Flora done for us that we should get colds in honor of Flora? It would be quite as conformable to reason to expect St. Nicholas to come with his sleigh and reindeer in midsummer as to choose May-day for picnicking; and from this point of view it was very sensible in the New Yorkers, if they must celebrate something, to content themselves with commemorating the migration of their forefathers from Communipaw.

The fact that Zephyr and Aurora do not, and the children cannot, go a-Maying any more does not prove that they never did so. On the contrary, we can very distinctly remember May-Days with an actual Queen of the May who not only could wear the prescribed white frock without taking cold, but who was crowned with flowers, as were her maids of honor, while her court, as in duty bound, danced around the mulberry-bush and played Copenhagen and tread the green-grass with actual green grass to do it on. Furthermore, that there used to be—or, more definitely, on some particular May-Days were—swarms of pretty yellow insects of a butterfly description which the children—incorrectly, probably—termed may-flies, and whose characteristic it was when placed

on any smooth surface and gently touched from behind to walk directly onward without flying; from which circumstance was derived a very delightful pastime that consisted of starting two lines of the flies in single file to climb up the wall of a house; and, as the rapidity of their motion depended upon the frequency with which new recruits of flies were added to the rear of the column to crowd forward those in advance, the competition for fresh flies became highly animated among the children, all eager that the line under their own patronage should be the winner of the race. That we see no such May-Day sports among the children of to-day is attributable, possibly, not so much to the difference of the present from what seem to us those Good Old Times, as to the difference between the latitude in which these halcyon scenes took place and that of New York, of which, in fact, we then knew little—and latitude, after all, seems likely to have something to do with it.

If natural and geographical causes are in combination against us, it is to be feared that the children of the region about New York shall know none other of the delights of going a-Maying than such as they may discern in the penitential inheritance from the Dutchmen of Nieu Amsterdam, and that they shall ever be as effectually precluded from joining in the sports of the May-pole as their contemporaries within the tropics from those of the skating-pond or the snow-bank. It is difficult to see how their condition is to be amended. Possibly, the astronomers whose meteors misbehaved last fall might be able to demonstrate that the division of months, never strictly accurate, had at last reached so glaring a discrepancy as to need revision. By this means the nominal and the actual May-Day could be made once more to coincide. But there are too many conservative people, too many with financial arrangements liable to disorder and with invincible objections to the loss of a couple of weeks' interest on their investments, too general a prevalence of contingencies subject to derangement to leave room for hope that the world would listen with favor to any proposal to disturb the almanac. Nevertheless, we believe that it is possible, leaving the almanac unmolested, to make some satisfactory adjustment of the matter. Once in awhile the spring will come with rational punctuality, as it is doing this year, and render it possible to go a-Maying without flagrant absurdity or imprudence and without total destitution of flowers and green things. Even when it catches the infection of our railway trains and is behind time, the calamity is not necessarily final. The great point is that we should have opportunity to express our delight at the dethronement of winter and give vent to the instinctive joy wherewith Spring-is-Come fills every living creature. This can be done just as well on the fifteenth of the month as on the first. Only let us not abandon one of the most ancient, honorable, innocent, and rational of all our holidays; and, above all, let us not suffer to be wrested from the children their prescriptive right to a day's emancipation from the thralldom of the school-room that they may revel in the new-found delights which, do what we will, must prove all too fleeting. This year, nature permitting, let us honor May-Day everywhere—unless, indeed, Flora, in fear of the reviving blue laws in Massachusetts, shall decline to enter New England—and let everybody who has a thought of kindness for the happy hours of his own childhood withstand the sacrilegious vandalism that would shatter the time-honored altar where young men and maidens, old men and children should offer their garlands and libations in honor of the new-born Spring.

#### ITALIAN OPERA.

THE season of Italian opera has been thus far a pecuniary success and an artistic failure. Señora Peralta is announced to appear on Thursday of this week—by which day we shall have gone to press—and the *début* of this new singer may possibly furnish an exception to the flat and uninteresting monotony which has hitherto been the characteristic of the season. The new house, objectionable as in some respects it is, has proved the salvation of the manager's pocket. Curiosity to see the theatre has eked out audiences which the poverty of the company, becoming more conspicuous with each representation, would otherwise have depleted to a minimum. It is legitimate for a manager to profit by architectural novelty, but he certainly weakens his hold upon the public when he avails of such an incident to present a cheap and inefficient company. Everybody will go for once to see the novelty, but will not be tempted to renew the visit. The house itself is a disappointment. There was a lumbering sumptuousness about the old interior to which the people had become accustomed, and the attempt at airy elegance in the new structure is inadequately carried out; that is to say, it is airy enough, but not elegant. It

is always a hazardous experiment to alter the model of anything, however faulty, to which through long familiarity the public have become attached; and in this sense constitutions and opera houses are in the same category. The chief blunder in the present auditorium consists in putting the façades of the tiers in different planes; a method which without a happy discretion in lines and colors, which is not here perceptible, always leaves an effect of nakedness and incompleteness. The ceiling is in bad taste and looks as if it had been designed for a theatre in the Bowery. The lobbies and staircases are hideous and dismal to the last degree and the upholstery is painfully coarse, cheap-looking, and tasteless. In point of acoustics the house is a success; and as it is a failure in almost every other respect, this excellence should be ungrudgingly acknowledged.

The operas which have thus far been produced have been, with a single exception, the thinnest and easiest of the old thread-bare repertory, and, making all allowance for that strain upon the energies of scenic artists, costumers, and property-men which the fire had necessitated, they have been mounted in a very niggardly and unsatisfactory manner. These are deficiencies which with a very fine company are overlooked, but which with a very bad one become offensively conspicuous. We usually look to see certain discrepancies—which seem to be more or less inevitable—between the lyrical and the histrionic faculties. Opera-goers are accustomed to fine tenors who can't act and fine buffos who can't sing. It has been reserved for Mr. Maretzek to illustrate this phenomenon in the widest and most comprehensive manner. Those of his company who can sing—almost without exception—cannot act, and the few who can act cannot sing. Miss Kellogg may be cited as one who can do both, but notwithstanding the laudations of her friends she cannot yet do both sufficiently well to be fit for the position here assigned her. She always pleases her audience—with whom, at times, she is a trifle too familiar—but she must not confound this with the attainment of artistic perfection. Considering her experience, she has remarkable ease, and nature has endowed her with no little grace; she, however, fidgets too much, has the novice's fault of a superabundance of by-play, and has yet to learn the effectiveness of repose. Miss Kellogg has been well taught, her method is good, and her execution is at times surpassingly fine; her lower register needs attention, being occasionally hard, thin, and raspy, and, in general, deficient in *timbre*; this, however, is perhaps due to a certain delicacy of organization which is scarcely amenable to criticism. This lady has been most successful in the lighter rôles of the comic operas, and her position hereafter would surely be better were she confined to such; her lack of breadth and power at present disqualifying her for more exacting parts, to which, however, either perforce or *faute de mieux*, the management have assigned her.

Miss Hauck has a fresh and pretty voice, an attractive person, and, like Miss Kellogg, a good deal of natural ease and *aplomb*. Like Miss Kellogg, too, her action is apt to be redundant; but, unlike Miss Kellogg, she sometimes mistakes facial contortion for expression, an error which she is quite young enough to rectify. Signor Baragli, to whom much of the tenor music has fallen, is a respectable artist in a conventional way, whose peculiarities of physiognomy, however, would hazard for serious parts the success of better singing and better acting than we have yet heard or seen from him. Signori Ronconi and Bellini have left little to be desired in their departments, which indeed have been the only ones which we are able with little reserve to praise. The former has been a great singer and is a great actor; the latter is a respectable singer and a respectable actor. All things considered, this company has appeared to best advantage in the only new work produced, Petrella's *Carnival of Venice*, and for reasons easy to understand. The music of this trifling work is commonplace and its situations the broadest of broad farce; but the general effect was agreeable as is usually the case on those rare occasions when no artist is overweighted by his part. The concerted pieces were very nicely sung indeed. Ronconi is the very Garrick of the lyric Italian stage, and perhaps no singer has lived at once so tragic in tragedy and so funny in comedy. The latter requires less voice, and so is, of course, better suited to this great artist's present powers. His humor is of the rare quality that never degenerates into buffoonery; the nearest approach to such a vice in the present instance having been observable at the end of the *terzetto* in the first act, and which therefore, of course, elicited the warmest applause.

Miss Kellogg appeared to charming advantage in this opera and availed herself to the utmost of her sole opportunity for execution, which presented in the *scena* "Come si può sorridere," near the beginning of the second act.

Were Mdlle. Ronconi's voice equal to her beauty she would create an unprecedented *furor*; but it is at present, unfortunately, unequal even to the slender demands of a part like *Romilla*. We are bound, in all honor and gallantry, to confess that Mdlle. Ronconi impressed us as the most fascinating, piquant and, above all, as having the most high-bred air, of any of the young artists we have seen on our operatic stage since the days of Piccolomini. Sig. Bellini acted in the opera with a refreshing *abandon* and his fine voice, which seems quite unaffected by our wretched climate, was heard in it with capital effect. To turn to details, the chorus was very unlike what it should be. Operatic choristers are often very plain people, and it is not a peculiar reproach to those of Mr. Maretzek that they should be remarkably so. To tell the truth, ungallant as is the telling of it, it would be very difficult to match the ladies of his chorus for extraordinary ugliness. We know very well that handsome is that handsome does and that it is not the bird with gayest plumage which has the finest song. There is such a thing, however, as carrying this Gorgon and Medusa business too far. The ugly women in London and Paris who can sing are always sandwiched between pretty girls who are only expected to pretend to sing; an expedient which would be profitable here. To see what are no doubt worthy and estimable old ladies, but whose personal attractions, gently speaking, are among the things that were, officiating nightly as blushing bridesmaids and tripping peasant girls, makes demands on the imagination not easy to supply. The orchestra, under Sig. Torriana, is about the only feature at the Academy which will bear comparison with European standards. It is in most respects a very good orchestra, but it has the usual defect of American bands in being too tight in string and too heavy in brass. The result of the performance of the *Carnival*, taken in connection with that of other works, clearly showed the true calibre of the company. It is able to cope with the lighter pieces, but assuredly not with the heavy and exacting ones. Mr. Maretzek has not the material for grand opera, a fact of which he is without question as thoroughly aware as any one else can be; but he will not maintain himself as the leading operatic manager of the country unless he obtains precisely such material and redeems the prestige he has of late so gravely endangered.

#### PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

FOR some time past certain writers upon art matters in these latitudes have set before themselves a stern task, from the performance of which they seem resolved not to flinch. They have a mission, which is to disparage the exhibitors whose pictures each succeeding season at the Academy of Design, for years past, have built up for American art a reputation already acknowledged wherever art is cultivated. According to these trenchant tomahawkists, it is about time that all artists who have been painting good pictures for the last ten or twelve years should be "fossils" now. They would not like to encourage any painter who professes to see nature now with the same eyes through which he viewed her ever so long ago—say a year or two before the late war. They hold that fashion should have the same unlimited sway in the studio that has for ages been enjoyed by it in the milliner's shop. Pictures, like bonnets, must be of a different cut and color as period succeeds period. Never mind Nature; she is an old foggy and a fossil, and must be corrected by art.

And yet it is the Pre-Raphaelite idea, which professes nature or nothing, that is at the bottom of all this. It assumes a morbid form when it attacks callow minds and becomes a disease. As yet it has not exercised much influence upon American art, but its tendency crops out here and there of late in the successive exhibitions of the Academy. Writers, as we have said, have had much to do with encouraging this, while their pens would have been better employed in pointing out the dangers that arise from running an idea to extremes. As a corrective, the so-called school to which we refer may have its uses. Suggestiveness itself may be run to the extreme of slovenliness, and where there is a tendency to this useful lessons may be learned from the Pre-Raphaelite workers.

Now, in the exhibition under notice, we are sorry to observe the morbid condition to which the malady in question has reduced certain young artists who showed promise a couple of years ago. Here is Mr. T. C. Farrer, for example, who has gone utterly wild upon the subject of representing objects exactly as they appear. His small picture called "October Afternoon" is a warning example of how warped the eye and mind can become under the influence of a crude idea. The autumnal tints, in all

their most blazing warmth, are reproduced here just as they might look if displayed upon a sheet of white paper, but with no reference to the tones and gradations imparted to them by nature's modifying atmosphere. To what good purpose is it that the formal tufts of weed with which the foreground is planted at intervals are painted with care so painful? Is this justice to the blades of grass, millions of which unoffending existences must have been sacrificed to the artist's inability to count and paint them as he did the tufted weeds? And yet the disciples of this school profess to see every visible atom in nature, and to paint it as they see it, thereby securing a truth and harmony much of which is utterly beyond the power of art to do more than suggest. Again, in the same artist's picture, called "Maple Wood, Ashfield, Mass.," we have tree-stems of the most tender amethyst hue contrasted with such mineral yellows and greens as Nature may play with, if she pleases, but with which the judicious artist is shy of meddling. No conscientious critic—if he knows anything about nature—can say that either of these pictures conveys an idea of natural scenery under any possible aspect. Into the same errors several others of this year's contributors to the Academy have fallen. In the corridor there is a small picture by Mr. C. H. Moore—"October Snow-Squall, Catskill Mountains"—in which the exaggerations of the morbid are carried to a greater excess, if possible, than in the attempts to which we have just referred. We have dwelt on these examples not because they are of any importance in themselves, but because they serve to illustrate the tendency to an extremely vicious and disreputable style of art, toward which some of our younger painters are drifting recklessly, and from which we consider it to be our duty to warn them. In fruit pieces, and subjects of that class, there are far better things here by the painters to whom we refer, and by their fellow disciples. In "Summer Flowers," for instance, by Mr. T. C. Farrer, there is much to praise. Here it is possible to represent nature in her details, and the artist has been successful; with the exception of his red clover blossoms, however, which are not quite of the natural hue.

Something of the crude and visionary style of which we have been speaking is displayed by Mr. G. C. Lambdin in his red and yellow picture of "Dorothea." Force has been aimed at here by lavish expenditure of paint, but it might have been better secured by more delicacy of manipulation. A very singular and almost grotesque effect is produced by the arrangement of the lower part of the drapery, which gives the figure the appearance of resting on deformed feet.

And as the type of lovely woman in this picture of Mr. Lambdin's is not of the most charming selection, so of that which has been contributed from beyond the Atlantic by Mr. E. Vedder, who has been for some time past studying in the European schools. Much of the Pre-Raphaelite persuasion before he left this country, Mr. Vedder appears, judging from this production, to have gone further than ever in that direction. The small picture to which we refer represents a rather unaccountable female person, of dwarfed stature, holding on to an immense mandoline or some such instrument of the guitar kind. The background of the composition is a wall, covered with grotesque figures of large size, and with this background the lady with the mandoline seems to be incorporated. This mode of working seems to be a favorite one with artists who admire the "school," and it has the advantage, perhaps, of being a manner not very difficult to acquire. But was it absolutely necessary for Mr. Vedder to show his estimation of Dante G. Rossetti by "going to nature" for so plain, not to say downright ugly, a specimen of feminine humanity as he has here given us?

#### THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE opening of the colossal show which was to have eclipsed everything under the sun, and which was, by an unfortunate selection, accomplished on the first of April, appears to have disappointed nearly all who witnessed it. From what we hear, the delay of a fortnight would have caused the first impression to have been far more favorable, for, although we may admit, as our Paris correspondent elsewhere declares, that "the display of objects of every kind, from sauce-pans to statues and from pigs to paintings, will undoubtedly be the best the world ever saw," yet in default of judicious and completed arrangement the effect must have been anything but what was expected. We cannot help thinking, too, that the United States has been rather shabbily treated by the commissioners in being allotted space which is "absurdly insufficient," and although the French may not feel quite comfortable about the Mexican business,

they should be too chivalric to evince chagrin in so childish a manner. This imputation as to the animus of the commission may be an unjust one, but appearances are decidedly against them; and whoever will read the various letters from Parisian correspondents, including that of our own, will hardly doubt but that the American exhibitors have been, in this matter, ungenerously dealt with. So far as manufactured goods are concerned, it is, of course, not to be expected that we should receive, or be able advantageously to fill, space so considerable as that which is allotted to England and, perhaps, to some other European countries; but the disproportion is represented to us as being far greater than is justified by any admissible modifying circumstances.

It appears that some change must have been made from the original intention respecting this matter of space, since in correspondence dating as far back as March, 1866, Mr. Derby initiated arrangements with intending exhibitors which he subsequently rescinded upon this very ground. This has led to not a little heart-burning and, if the truth must be confessed, to some suspicion of favoritism, as shown in making the final selections. Thus, in respect of piano-fortes, it appears that the rising firm of George Steck & Co. had been allotted space to exhibit one or more of their instruments. A formal notification of the arrangement was sent by Mr. Derby to the firm under date of September 19, 1866. In February last, however, after their plans were effected for carrying out the arrangement, the firm were applied that for want of space their instrument could not be received. It appears, notwithstanding, that there are nine spaces for American piano-fortes, all of which are occupied by two New York firms. In the interest of fair play we should really like to see an explanation of this arrangement more favorable to the Commissioner's sense of justice than upon its face the transaction affords. The Messrs. Steinway and Chickering—the two firms in question who alone are permitted to exhibit—make magnificent instruments, and we are quite certain their contributions to the Paris exhibition will be in the highest degree creditable to American art. Still, why they should have, the one five, the other four, places, for as many different instruments, to the exclusion of every other American maker, and this after direct and written pledges to the contrary were given to at least one among the number of the latter, it is difficult to perceive. To send a single piano-forte from each house would seem to have been a more equitable arrangement. It is very certain that neither Messrs. Chickering nor Steinway require for the sake of their own reputation to exclude the instruments of any other manufacturers; but it is only fair to such as were willing to meet both in so trying a competition that they should be fairly credited with that willingness and not deprived of it because, through no fault of their own, and indeed in contravention of distinct and special arrangement, they have been denied the opportunity.

We are not in the habit of interfering in the differences between rival dealers or of using these columns for such a purpose. We have, however, thought proper, upon evidence submitted to us, to make this case an exception to the extent of directing public attention to the facts; partly because it seems to us simply just to do so and partly because of the character of the occasion, which makes all details referring to it matters of public as well as of private interest. We trust that all the firms we have named will abundantly thrive, and have no doubt but that the members of all are as fully persuaded as we are that intrinsic merit and good works, irrespective of any adventitious or illiberal means, are the proper and, in the long run, the only means of gaining and holding public respect and support.

#### PHYSIOLOGICAL GASTRONOMY.

##### No. V.—MEAT-DISHES.

IT is difficult for those who have not made physiology a special study to realize the immense extent of this science. In the middle of the eighteenth century, Haller published eight large volumes on physiology—the *Elementa Physiologiae*—with a supplemental volume, making in all over five thousand closely printed quarto pages; between the years 1837 and 1841, Burdach, assisted by some of the most eminent German physiologists of the day (Baer, Meyen, Meyer, Müller, Rathke, Siebold, Diessenbach, Valentin, Wagner), published a work on physiology in nine volumes, containing five thousand solid octavo pages; and in 1857, the great French physiologist and naturalist, Milne-Edwards, commenced the publication of an exhaustive treatise, intended to represent the exact state of the science of physiology, which has already reached eight volumes, making nearly five thousand pages (4,720). This great work is now in

course of publication, and is not more than two-thirds completed. With all this amount of printed matter, no single man has ever proved himself capable of producing a complete treatise upon physiology. Restricting the subject even to pure human physiology, the science embraces not only digestion, respiration, circulation, secretion, etc., but it involves a profound study of the chemistry of the body and of the food by which it is nourished. It demands accurate and philosophic observation of the workings of the mind, or psychology; which in its turn is intimately connected with the various systems of philosophy and political economy, for man must be studied in all his relations with his fellow-creatures as well as by himself. The animal instincts and the passions should not be neglected; for a study of the human heart is as important a subject for the physiologist in a figurative as in a literal sense. The author of the *Comédie Humaine* was, in a certain sense, a great physiologist; and his dissections of the most secret thoughts, passions, and motives which belong to humanity are not less accurate than the anatomical description of corporeal parts. While sometimes portraying the best qualities of human nature, he more frequently laid bare the perversions and wickedness of man, as the pathologist reveals with the scalpel the hidden diseases of the body. And what can be said with regard to the highest department of physiology, which involves the question of the immortality of man and his relations to infinity? Although this, the greatest of all, is generally left to men who are too often profoundly ignorant of the simplest natural laws, we may possibly in the future know something about physiological theology. We make these remarks to show that almost all subjects are open to the physiologist, and that he has a right to treat of gastronomy in its relations to the mind as well as the body.

The great de Balzac did not disdain to write an appendix to the *Physiologie du Goût*; recognizing, with other practical thinkers, the immense influence which the senses exert, permanently as well as temporarily, upon the character of the human race. It may seem at first that all these considerations have little to do with physiological gastronomy; but the character of nations, as of individuals, is dependent to a great extent upon their diet. A French writer, evidently looking at this subject from a Gallic as well as a physiological point of view, very pertinently says "that the grand facts in the life of nations, for which historians assign diverse and complex causes, have their secret at the family fireside! Look at Ireland, and look at India! Would England reign peacefully over a distressed people, if the potato, almost alone, did not aid in prolonging its lamentable agony? And beyond the seas, would one hundred and forty millions of Indians obey a few thousand Englishmen, if they were fed as they are. The Bramins, like Pythagoras of old, wished to soften the manners; they succeeded, but by enervating the men." It is the same with individuals. Tell me what you eat, said Brillat-Savarin, and I will tell you what you are. The moral and intellectual as well as the physical force of men depends a great deal upon diet. A man who does not dine well and has no inclination to do so, is generally of a morose, suspicious, and morbid disposition; and probably is unwilling to enjoy himself while others are doing so in the same way, for fear that he may occasionally lose his self-command and be betrayed into a momentary frankness. Contrast one who enjoys an occasional good dinner! Whatever his faults may be, there are times when he is honest and charitable toward others. Our weaker brethren, who have the heart but not the stomach to dine well, are entitled to respectful sympathy and consideration.

There is no occasion which presents a better opportunity for the study of human nature, and the relations between mind and matter, than that of a really physiological dinner. The experimenter, when operating upon the living body, endeavors to carefully remove all disturbing conditions; and the observer of men finds his best opportunity in the naturalness which results from contact with his fellows for the purpose of rational enjoyment. If he be sufficiently practised in the analysis of the human heart and can remain cool and dispassionate, his golden opportunity is in a small and well-selected company of which the better half is composed of the softer sex. Here the more delicate springs of human nature are touched; and even in a purely gastronomic point of view, an occasion such as this possesses extraordinary interest. When the female palate has been properly cultivated, in nicety and accuracy, it is infinitely superior to the gustatory sense in the opposite sex. Women are gastronomes by nature; they idealize their food. The slightest suspicion of uncleanliness, coarseness in the flavor of a single article used, or merely an uninviting appearance in any dish, is sufficient to excite distaste; while a dish exquisitely decorated, exhaling, perhaps, an indefinite and dreamily delicious odor which

promises a new sensation, excites the imagination and generally carries the gustatory enjoyment to a point which most men cannot reach. This is particularly the case with delicate wines. The female palate has never known the violent shocks which men's tastes so frequently experience. They are never called upon to "take a drink" with a friend, the liquid being, perhaps, an ounce of "red-eye" whiskey; the brain-consuming gin; brandy, so-called; and other vile distillations and mixtures too numerous to mention. It is a moral and physiological sin to take these fiery draughts, and one of the penalties is a loss of delicacy of the sense of taste.

But to return to the subject of dining. The different shades of feeling which are so apparent just before dinner is announced, and during what may be termed the uncertain period, when the character of the occasion has not been developed, have often been portrayed. You have dressed and prepared the appetite carefully for the occasion, arrived at precisely the appointed time, and an important guest is delayed. Conversation is impossible; your compliments to the ladies, if they be present, are flat and unheeded; the only persons who take any satisfaction in the situation are, perhaps, two established *consoles*, who condole with each other so feelingly and audibly that they have the satisfaction of knowing that they are rendering their host much more uncomfortable than themselves; and an intimate friend of the family, who knows that thirty instead of fifteen minutes have been allowed for unexpected delays. The monotony of such an occasion, however, can be relieved by philosophic contemplations and speculations with regard to the probable thoughts and feelings of the guests. Savagely seated by himself, with an apparent resolve to bear his misfortunes alone, you may see an acquaintance of prodigious but waning gastronomic powers. You know that he anticipated a sumptuous dinner, and that it is an occasional habit with him on such occasions to stop at his club and prop his falling appetite with a dose of absinthe. This has had the desired effect, but exaggeration of the appetite caused by unexpected delay has given a peculiar ferocity to the expression, which is very interesting to one who suspects its probable cause. It would be charitable to inform any one suffering in this way, if he has not already learned the lesson by experience, that he should exercise great self-control and dine carefully, or he will make a poor dinner and destroy his digestion for several days to come.

Dinner is finally announced. The general expression around the table becomes considerably softened after taking four or five small, firm, salt oysters with a glass of chablis, a wine which you think at the time must have been discovered when raw oysters were first eaten. But all is still uncertain; for the oysters may have been an accident and the chablis sent by a friend. There is still no conversation, although the general feeling is beginning to be decidedly satisfactory.

The soup is excellent; its impression upon the palate is not too decided, yet the flavor is all that could be desired; preparing the gustatory nerves for the inevitable glass of sherry (also the right thing in the right place), of exquisite bouquet, generous and expansive. Perhaps a delicately flavored *bouchée* is now served, and this completes satisfactorily the first step in dining; the probabilities now becoming very strong that everything will progress satisfactorily. Still, the soup may have been sent from a neighboring restaurant and be no indication of what is to follow.

An experienced diner-out looks with great anxiety for the fish. Is this to be an ordinary dish, which may be carried off very well, perhaps, by a skillfully prepared sauce, but which intrinsically has nothing to recommend it, or will there be some little agreeable surprise, like a fine shad in February, a Spanish mackerel or a brook-trout in the early spring? Perhaps the shad may not be so perfect as when it is in full season, but when this noble fish makes its appearance unexpectedly, cooked plainly—an evidence that the culinary artist has confidence in the excellence of its original flavor—and flanked, perhaps, with a salad of hot-house cucumbers, the heart of the gastronome is filled with gladness, for he knows that nothing short of an unexpected catastrophe can disturb the harmony of the occasion. With a glass of good white French wine, which heightens his appreciation of the fish without dividing his interest, he is well prepared to enter upon his more serious duties.

At this point everything changes; and this is the only time and place for the introduction of the *pièce de résistance*—the principal meat-dish. With a party of indefinite capacity, chops, sweet-breads, etc., etc., may be introduced before, but this is eminently unphysiological. The palate is now in a condition to appreciate the dish which is to give character to the dinner, and this should be served forthwith. Of all dishes that the ingenuity of

man has ever invented, the truffled turkey or fowl is the most delicious. Upon this point there is no difference of opinion. No other meat-dishes can be mentioned in comparison with a turkey, capon, or poularde, every fibre permeated with the delicious perfume of the truffle; and the wild turkey of this country, *truffé*, makes a dish which has called forth the enthusiastic admiration of the civilized world. It is not sufficient merely to fill a turkey or fowl with truffles and cook it. The art is to disseminate the flavor throughout the whole muscular tissue of the bird. The truffles should be of the best quality; they should be carefully prepared and seasoned; and the bird should be stuffed for days before it is cooked. In this way the truffle has a fair chance. One sees a few black specks in the sauce or the decorations of many small dishes and recognizes the truffle by the eye, but not by the taste. What a contrast in the flavor of a skillfully truffled bird! It actually seems as though the deficiency in positive flavor of the white meats only exists to be supplied by the truffle.

We once had the honor of being present at the ceremony of serving an immense wild turkey *truffé* in the presence of eight persons. Every one present, except the writer, was an accomplished *gourmet*. The soup was perfect; the fish, an immense yellow pike, was taken from a large tub of its native element to be cooked; but the sensation produced by the sight and odor of twenty-odd pounds of wild turkey and truffles was immense; and every one felt that the compliment of having the preceding dishes arranged with especial reference to this single one, so as to carefully prepare the palate for the supreme impression, was well merited. Had the host on this occasion allowed his guests, before the turkey was served, to cloy the palate with ordinary dishes, his want of judgment and consideration would have there and then met with a just and indignant rebuke. We have no doubt that the *dinde sauvage truffée* still lingers in the gastronomic recollections of the favored eight; while every other dish has been long since forgotten.

But truffled turkeys or capons are unusual episodes in the experience of most diners-out. Whatever takes its place, however, should be of the first quality. A fine saddle of venison or of mutton, which has been hung and cooked physiologically; a *filet de bœuf*; early lamb, or any good, solid dish, well cooked, is here appropriate. This may be taken with potatoes—which go with any meats—but never with a mass of indifferent vegetables. It makes no difference what particular nation adopts the style of serving most vegetables and meats separately, it is certainly most physiological to do so. There should always be harmony in the combinations of animal and vegetable articles. Peas, spinach, sorrel, turnips, etc., are very appropriately served with certain meat-dishes; other vegetables, like the asparagus, are highly flavored and delicate enough to be taken alone, and others may be used in salads; but the only advantage in taking a half-a-dozen different kinds of vegetables with any meat that may happen to be served is that it saves time.

The most substantial meat-dish of a dinner may be followed by others of a lighter character. The first part of the dinner which we have just sketched would warrant the expectation that the principal dish should be something out of the ordinary routine. This will probably be succeeded by two or three delicate small dishes; *côtelettes* in some form, *ris de veau*, some of the numerous dishes of chicken, or any of that immense array of dishes the offspring of the fertile invention of French cooks.

The appearance of the meats generally removes the last shade of reserve from even the most formal guest. No one who has dined out observingly can fail to have noted this fact. Although every one has not the faculty of making himself agreeable to his neighbor, still all do their best, and if a well-served dinner table be stiff and melancholy, it is the fault of the host in selecting or in placing his guests. It is seldom that the conversation becomes sparkling at dinner before the end of the fish. But with the end of what the English call the first course, there is generally a marked intellectual lull. The course of meats and vegetables should terminate with something which, like the white wine after the fish, clears the palate and prepares it for fresh impressions. The necessity of this is now generally recognized by the French, who usually follow this course with a *sorbet* or delicate water-ice. Aside from its immediate refreshing character, the effect of this upon the appetite is very striking; and in the course of an elaborate dinner, it is almost a necessary preparation for the game.

If we were disposed to give an account of American game and compare its qualities with the game of other countries, we would find an abundance of material. It is pretty generally acknowledged that there are certain birds, like the canvas-back duck, peculiar to this continent, which are superior in flavor to any of the game birds of the old

world. It is sufficient to say, however, that if there be any part of the world in which game should constitute a part of an elaborate dinner, it is in this country. It makes but little difference what kind of game is used, it is only necessary that it be in full season and well cooked. There are few articles so difficult to cook as game; for what is most delicious in its flavor belongs intrinsically to the meat, and should be fully developed in cooking. As far as excellence of flavor is concerned, the dark-meated birds were better raw than much over-cooked. Game should always be good enough to be taken by itself, and if we except the partridge, when it is very dry, it requires no sauces. Jellies, etc., which are sometimes eaten with dark-meated game are more than superfluous.

As far as meats are concerned, the game generally finishes a dinner. A reed-bird, half concealed in a leaf of lettuce in the salad, may tempt a vigorous appetite, but most persons are unequal even to this. With the meats, however, some of the vegetables in season are generally taken, and these are necessary to the proper variety in the dishes.

Assuming that the sweets and the dessert are properly arranged, a dinner upon the basis which we have just given would seem not only sufficient for an ordinary appetite, but it should be only an occasional indulgence; yet it is not uncommon to find—in direct opposition to all the laws of science and gastronomy—tables loaded down with enough material to feed a regiment. The sight of a roast at one end, a boil at the other, with two enormous flanking dishes, to say nothing of vegetables, has a tendency, at least, to confuse one's ideas as to what it is proper to eat. The inhabitants of the frigid zone, who sometimes eat from twenty to thirty pounds of meat at a sitting, might enjoy such a display, but it is certainly out of place in a temperate climate and in a civilized country.

It should not be necessary to the happiness of any one, as it is not essential to the proper nourishment of the body, to dine elaborately every day. A soup or a fish, followed by a good piece of meat with two or three vegetables in season, or meat, bread, and vegetables without soup or fish, are all that is necessary; and every one should be able to dine from such a bill of fare as this with satisfaction. Nevertheless, luxury must prevail as civilization advances and wealth increases; and if we ever dine elaborately it should be, as far as possible, in accordance with physiological laws.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

### PARIS.

PARIS, April 2, 1867.

THE great Universal Exhibition of 1867 was yesterday formally opened by the Emperor and Empress of the French in the latest, staidest, and most unprofitable manner. There was no prayer, no address from the Imperial Commission, no speech from the throne, no opening cantata, no procession, properly so-called. A lady and gentleman, whose faces every one knows, dressed in every-day costume and attended by a small gathering of other ladies and gentlemen similarly attired, walked round the building and visited several courts, the gentlemen shaking hands with the notabilities of the various countries through whose sections they passed. Those who were present at the gorgeous opening ceremonies of the exhibitions of 1851, 1855, and 1862, and, indeed, most of those who were not, could not help feeling that the whole affair was a dismal failure, and that it will be a long time before the exhibitors and the public will recover from the effects of the cold-water *douche* they received yesterday. The general public seem fully to have understood the worth of yesterday's proceedings, for, besides those who received invitations and who numbered possibly a thousand or fifteen hundred—for the Imperial Commission were most stingy in issuing tickets—there were certainly not more than ten thousand visitors in the building.

The grand entrance from the Pont d'Jena was magnificently decorated with flags, banners, and flowering shrubs, the whole being covered with an emerald green awning sprinkled with golden bees. The short *vestibule d'honneur*, leading from the doors of the building to the centre, was also ornamented in the most tastefully magnificent manner. But all the efforts made by the Imperial Commission to render the ceremony impressive failed most lamentably.

The causes which led to the substitution of an almost informal imperial visit for a splendid ceremonial are va-

riously stated. Some say that the Emperor is displeased with the petty, parsimonious, money-getting spirit shown by the Imperial Commission; others, that his Majesty is too ill and too anxious to bear the fatigues of a formal inauguration; others, that under present circumstances he preferred a semi-private visit of inspection, as it involved no speech from the throne; while the rest of the world, with possibly more wisdom than their fellows, put the whole affair down to the fears entertained by the commission that the building and its contents would not be ready. In any case, the most superb ceremony that even a Frenchman could conceive would have been marred by the inherent faults of the building. There is no spot in which such a ceremony could have been held. Unlike former buildings, there is no central avenue, and yet with a slight alteration of the original plan two avenues unequalled in size might easily have been formed. For some inscrutable reason, however, M. Le Play has cut the building up into distinct sections, and has destroyed the possibility of a vista in any direction by forming an open garden in the very centre of the whole. When, after wandering about for hours, you suddenly find yourself in an oval space open to the four winds of heaven and ornamented with flowers and statuary, you wonder where you have strayed to, you feel that the placing of a garden in the middle of a covered building is an incongruity and a waste of valuable space, and you join all the world in condemning what certain irreverent Britishers have nicknamed "old Le Play's back-yard."

But in spite of everything done by the Imperial Commission (about whose shortcomings generally I shall have much to say in my next letter) to disgust native and foreign exhibitors, the display of objects of every kind, from saucepans to statues and from pigs to paintings, will undoubtedly be the very finest the world ever saw. French, English, and American exhibitors seem to have put their best feet foremost and to have poured out at the feet of an inhospitable commission their choicest productions. It will be fully a fortnight yet before the exhibitors will have put all their goods in order; it would therefore be manifestly unfair to say much about individual displays. Great Britain and her colonies are the most advanced of any section in the building. The French are as far behind them as they were in 1862; while the space allotted to Spain, Japan, and several other states is a howling wilderness of carpenters' benches, unfinished glass-cases, and unopened packages. I am glad to tell you that the United States court is in what Mr. Ruskin would call "a state of forwardness," and will soon be ready for the inspection of the world. The United States staff, under the skilful generalship of Mr. Beckwith, have worked in the most indefatigable manner, and although the space allotted is absurdly insufficient, the objects shown will be the *crème de la crème* of American art and manufacture. To sum up my verdict on the Universal Exhibition of 1867, it will be *par excellence* an exhibitors' exhibition, as some battles are said to be soldiers' battles. The Imperial Commission have throughout acted in the politest, meanest, and weakest manner; they have most successfully divorced the *suaviter in modo* from the *fortiter in re*; they have placed every possible obstacle in the way of exhibitors and their assistants; they have laid down impracticable rules that they have been obliged to withdraw almost as soon as they were promulgated; but in doing all this and much more they seem only to have stimulated their guests to increased exertions to render the Exhibition of 1867 vastly superior in every point to all those that have gone before it. The beneficial action of exhibitions in improving manufactures is peculiarly manifested in the present instance. To take only a single example, England will exhibit objects in porcelain shaped and ornamented with such perfect taste that both Sèvres and Dresden will have a hard struggle to hold their own; while on the other, France and Belgium will run Sheffield and Birmingham very close in certain articles of hardware.

For the last week the attention of almost everybody has been so fixed on the Exhibition that even the rumored news that Luxembourg was to be ceded to France made but a slight sensation. When, however, the news came from a Dutch official source that the story was only a *canard*, all Paris woke up suddenly and the French rentes dropped instantly. The *quidnuncs* of each *café* have a separate story, and the continued silence of the *Moniteur* on the subject enables every one to possess private information, of course from the most unimpeachable sources. The truth is, we know very little about the matter; of late so many impossibilities have been found to be perfectly possible, that hardly any one would feel surprised if to-morrow's *Moniteur* announced that Luxembourg had been joined to the French Empire. The Exhibition has come in the most *à propos* manner, and will do much to take off people's attention from the

events going on around them. There have been violent scenes in the *Chambre des Députés* during the last month; some very angry speeches were made against the government during the debates on the press law and imprisonment for debt; the *Liberté* is beginning to speak out once more; and every one feels that a storm is brewing. If it will keep off until after the Exhibition is over, the French will possibly be allowed to spend a few of the millions they have extorted from the unfortunate foreigner on a war with Prussia; but if arts and manufactures fail in their attractions, the government will find the gradually increasing although ill-defined discontent felt here by everybody a very difficult thing to deal with.

The cession of the Russian provinces is much talked of here. In the absence of details people are asking curiously what the United States will do for Russia in return. A secret alliance offensive and defensive is supposed to be the purchase money given for so much valuable territory.

Paris is very full already. Spring has just bowed to us, but has not yet renewed our acquaintance, although no less than three of those theatrical swallows, the actors of the *Français*, have been seen on the boulevards enveloped in Russian sables, and looking, poor fellows, as if they had come back but little if anything poorer than when they went away. There are, of course, crowds of English here, and if it be true, as the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table tells us, that "good Americans go to Paris when they die," I very much fear that there has lately been a sad mortality among the more virtuous inhabitants of the United States.

The extortions to be practised on foreigners do not appear to have yet commenced. Apartments, it is true, are very dear and scarce, but other things seem to be much as usual. The restaurants at the Exhibition charge enormously for everything; but then they have been wickedly fleeced by the Imperial Commission for the privilege of entering the *enceinte* of the building, and we can hardly blame them for charging three francs for a very diminutive log of cold fowl, half a franc for a roll containing a cent's worth of bread, and the same for a small glass of beer. It stands to reason that every cent paid to the Imperial Commission by the unfortunate *restauranteur* will have to come out of the pockets of his customers.

The theatres here appear to be keeping their novelties until the Exhibition is in perfect trim. Most of them are playing old pieces, such as *Le Bossu* and *La Tour de Nesle*. At the *Folies Dramatiques* they have produced a *pièce de circonstance* entitled *Les Voyageurs pour l'Exposition*, which is only remarkable for its extreme silliness. In literature nothing is doing. In the *Liberté* yesterday M. Emile de Girardin took occasion to say some very bitter things touching liberty and order while describing the opening of the Exhibition. Of course, his remarks were ostensibly directed at the Imperial Commission for cooping up the visitors in various pens in different parts of the building, where they could see nothing of what was going forward and from whence they were not allowed to emerge until the Emperor had left; but the stupidest imperialist could easily perceive that M. de Girardin's cutting phrases had a much wider range and meaning.

For the last week the weather has been bright but very cold; to-day a gentle shower is falling which will, at any rate, lay the dust, which has lately been a perfect plague of Egypt.

Your lady readers will, perhaps, be glad to know that trains are longer, skirts are narrower, bonnets are smaller, and chignons are larger. The chignon is worn so high up on the back of the head that those ladies who still wear Spanish hats are obliged to place the front edge almost on the bridge of the nose. Men's hats are more like lengths of stove-pipe than anything else, so tall are they and so innocent of any deviation from the purely cylindrical form.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: You have, in your issue of March 9, a showing of the opinions of different individuals upon the question of an open northern polar sea. Those in the affirmative would seem to have been advanced mostly by explorers; while those in the negative appear to have originated principally in the study. My name has proper place nowhere outside of the catalogue of the *students*; nevertheless I am inclined to give voice against my fellows, in favor of the idea of the explorers. I do this not because I have found convincing evidence in the accounts of the latter, that the unfrozen water has been actually discovered or been sufficiently indicated by local signs, but for the reason that, in following out a train of thought which I started from admitted facts some time before anything about the matter under notice was known by me, I am driven to the conclusion that

the temperature in the vicinity of either pole is such as to hold water in its liquid state.

Of course the Gulf Stream has no part in producing that temperature. Every fact connected with it, as well as every theory broached in explanation of its origin, goes to prove that it is a surface current which loses its surplus heat not only, but itself, in the adjacent waters, long before the arctic region is reached. I can scarcely conceive how men so careful in analysis as are Maury and Hayes, and as was Dr. Kane, could have reasoned themselves clear of—whether over, through, or under—the ice-wall to which that stream led them. There, it has given off so much of its warmth as to allow the freezing; then, growing colder and colder from the continued congelation, and extending into a still more frigid latitude (more frigid, aside from this assumed heat contained in the water itself), why does not the frost-built rampart rear itself yet higher, the nearer the approach to the pole? I imagine there would hardly be procurable enough of the fusing property to weld the link in the chain of induction which must be broken in the attempt to get upon the other side of the wall of ice!

Among the "admitted facts" to which I have alluded are these: the sun is sending constantly his calorific rays upon the earth; a portion only of those rays are expended at the surface in the support of vegetation and otherwise; and the remaining portions are conducted into the earth's body, so that a *layer of heat is deposited every summer*.

What is the inference, legitimate not alone, but unavoidable, from that foundation? Each succeeding layer cannot but force its predecessor inward till the centre is arrived at, where, the pressure being met by that from the opposite direction, the heat seeks vent through the only channels remaining open to it—that is, left free of the ingathering solar rays. These channels are along the earth's axis to the poles. I am not to be understood as claiming that *all* the heat taken in is reconveyed outward thus. On the contrary, a branch of my hypothesis is, that the main part received has accumulated at the nucleus, causing the "igneous fluidity" which is believed in generally, and which will, in the end, embrace nucleus and envelope together, *melting the elements* and making the whole earth "pass away as a scroll." I deduce that our globe is a sort of frame, built of rock principally, but having for standards, so to speak, veins of the different metals running, in various places, from centre to surface. These, being better conductors than are the soil and the rock, will carry inward their supplies of heat in advance of that conveyed by the others; so, when the *main body* has reached the nucleus, and is pressing for issuance, the same veins will take up allotments and bear them back to the outside, the quantities borne being sufficient in some instances, and after irregular periods, to ignite whatever combustible materials may lie in their course, and hence to give rise to the phenomena of volcanoes. These vents are right in the midst of the *close columns* moving along the rock; and the manner of their operation will be easily comprehended. There may or there may not be similar metallic conductors outward to the poles. They are not needed especially, as can be seen at a glance of the mind.

The earth's rotary motion is gyratory; so that her equator does not lie in a line with that of the sun. If this were the case, the northern border of the belt which receives the solar beams would be, practically, that described by the arctic circle. As it is—the rotation being such as to bring the sun's equatorial line twenty-three and a half degrees northward once in a year—that border is, taking an average, removed half the same distance farther towards the pole, that is, to the parallel of seventy-eight and a quarter degrees. This is my circle of the greatest cold. I observe, in THE ROUND TABLE's review (the book reviewed has not found me), that Dr. Hayes fixes his at the seventy-eighth degree. The cold *shades off*—that is, the warmth increases—in definite proportions both ways from that parallel. The width of the belt receiving the solar heat being seventy-eight and a quarter degrees, and that of the belt giving it off being eleven degrees and three-quarters, the latter's increase is to that of the former, other things being equal, as six and two-thirds are to one. Then, upon the parallel of eighty-one degrees and three-quarters—taking a point about a quarter of a degree northward of the farthest one reached by Dr. Hayes—the temperature is the same as, at an average of the seasons—say the last of April and of October—that upon the fifty-fifth parallel, which touches the southern extremity of Hudson's Bay, upon the western hemisphere, and passes near New Castle, upon the eastern hemisphere. Is not this temperature high enough to keep the sea open?

I throw out the suggestion that the *searing climate* would be come upon sooner in winter than in summer; because then the outflowing heat would not meet the resistance of that which passes inward so far north; because the sun, being southward, would cast his beams in a relative direction such that their general tendency would be northward; and because then the supply of heat would be greater, in consequence of the greater nearness of its source. *Query*—Whether it is not owing to this last fact that more land has been pressed onward in the northern than in the southern half of the globe?

I am, sir, etc., G. W. EVELETH.

FORT FAIRFIELD, MAINE, APRIL 11, 1867.

By the way, touching the *beginning of days*, about which there has been some discussion in your *Notes and Queries*, is it not scientific to locate the east upon the highest mountain peak of the globe? According to a law which is to be presumed to have operated at the condensation of the earth from "chaos," the point most distant from the rotary center would, at the moment of the finishing of the condensation, be *drawing down* towards the centre of gravitation, hence would be the first to catch the sunrise. Indeed, the matter at that point must have been the first precipitated; therefore, again, must have been shined on first. Even if the highest peak now is not that which was highest in the beginning, it would seem fair

to give it the preference—in the way of a sort of an honorary degree.

G. W. E.

# "NEMO" AND THE CHURCH-GOERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I have read with much interest "Nemo's" *Apology for not going to Church* in your paper of the 23d ult. and the three replies thereto in your issue of the 13th inst. My case is not unlike "Nemo's"—I also have found church-going too often "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." I, however, have not restricted myself to "three distinct church services." I attend an Episcopal church with more or less regularity, but I also attend the services of other churches (denominations), and it is on this point that I wish to reply to "Nemo." Permit me first, however, to make a verbal criticism: He says that he has "been brought up a churchman." What does he mean by this last word? Does he mean that he has been brought up to attend a church of a particular denomination regularly, or that he has been brought up in the doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church? I know that some members of this sect (I use the word in its sense of subdivision, section, denomination) are in the habit of calling themselves *churchmen*, as if the Church of Christ was less than the whole number of those who believe in his name—as if his promise to be wherever two or three are gathered together in his name had been made with the mental reservation, provided that they are Episcopalians! I was baptized and brought up in the Episcopal Church and, as I said above, continue to attend its services; but I do protest, in the name of all I comprehend of Christianity, against the claim by members of that sect that theirs is anything more than a part, a section, a branch of Christ's Church upon earth. But this is not what I had especially in view. I intended to suggest an answer to "Nemo's" question, "Where shall I go?" when a friend suggested his trying "other denominations." In his own answer he successively names and objects to the Mormons, Quakers, Baptists, Methodists, and Roman Catholics. He says, as an indication of the kind of church service that he wishes to attend, "I would rather be consoled than threatened." I want this world's burden lightened, not made heavier; if I am deficient in faith, I like to abound in hope and charity, and so I left off going to church." As I fancy that there is some resemblance between his mental condition and my own, I hope he will excuse me when I say that I think that, under favorable circumstances, he would be interested, "consoled," not "threatened" or "worried and grieved," by attending the services conducted by Mr. Beecher in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. I say under favorable circumstances—that is, if he hears Mr. Beecher deliver a sermon on a religious subject and not a political harangue from the pulpit. In such case his religious emotions will be awakened by the best church music that can be heard in this country—almost the whole immense congregation uniting joyously in the songs of praise. It fills my idea of what church music should be. "Songs of praise the angels sang; Heaven with hallelujahs rang." In that sacred place no quartette of picked singers sang by proxy the praises of the angels! And then the sermon, to return to Plymouth Church, appealing in its clear and logical development to the hearer's conscience, faith, hope, charity, intellect, sense of duty—all are brought into play under its warm and generous flow, extempore, but kept within its predetermined limits by numerous notes in the form of propositions successively expounded, which guide but do not trammel the preacher's fulness of thought and illustration. The emotions are strongly called forth, the intellect is recognized; the ideas enunciated are not exhausted in the hearing and then forgotten. They must be carried away for further consideration, thus causing mental and moral growth. Let "Nemo" consider the significance of the fact that the average attendance in the Sunday-school of Plymouth Church is stated to be about one thousand. This is healthful activity, indicative of faith, hope, and charity. Furthermore and finally, let me suggest to "Nemo" that he read the article in *The Atlantic Monthly* for January last on Plymouth Church and then go there and see and hear for himself.

Very respectfully, NEMO THE SECOND.

BROOKLYN, New York, April 13, 1867.

## BOARDING-SCHOOL DIET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In to-day's number of THE ROUND TABLE the writer of the admirable articles on *Physiological Gastronomy* states that he has "more than once seriously considered the propriety of making a systematic attack upon the dietetics of the boarding-school system, based upon estimates of the amount of nutritive material required by young girls compared with that which they actually receive."

For one, I thank him most heartily for this suggestion, and beg to assure him that if he will carry this intention into effectual execution, first through your columns and afterwards in book form, so as to compel public attention to this crying evil, he will receive the most grateful thanks of thousands of perplexed and dissatisfied parents all over the land, and of suffering school-girls who are the helpless victims of badly-selected and badly-prepared food, as well as of starvation rations.

If the writer referred to, while he is about it, will level his artillery at the grievously mistaken notions about "education" so prevalent in the community at large, as well as in "select" circles—that superimposes an omnivorous superficiality upon a physical basis of mere nerves, or, rather, nervousness—and also expose the remorseless avarice of boarding-school proprietors, both of which lie at the bottom of the wrongs complained of, he will have rendered an invaluable public service and set on foot a radical reform sorely needed, and that will prove to be a widespread public blessing.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

PHILADELPHIA, April 13, 1867.

## REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

### ECCE DEUS.\*

IT is a marked sign of the times that a peculiar interest centres in the life and works of Jesus Christ. Whether as a phenomenon to be explained away or as a fact to be believed, "the question that is stirring men's hearts to their very depths is, Who is this Jesus Christ? His life is becoming to us a new life, as if we had never seen a word of it. There is round about us an influence so strange, so penetrating, so subtle, yet so mighty, that we are obliged to ask the great heaving world of time to be silent for awhile, that we may see just what we are and where we are. That influence is the life of Jesus Christ. We cannot get clear of it; we hear it in the tones of joy, we feel it stealing across the darkness of sorrow, we see it where we least expect it, even men who have travelled farthest from it seem only to have come round to it again, and while they have been undervaluing the inner worth of Jesus Christ, they have actually been living on the virtue which came out of his garment's hem." Thus truthfully writes the author of this work. There are thousands of persons, intelligent, earnest, keen, but not religiously educated, to whom Jesus Christ is a mystery. They are not so much opposed to the current representations of the Christian Church as they are below the spiritual point of view of Christians. They do not understand how Christ is related to theology. The fact of a divided Christianity, the continual clashings of rival religious systems, the power of names to hide the truths of the gospel, are stumbling-blocks to them. These things create a prejudice against the Church; and so the whole body becomes poorly represented to the multitude. That this prejudice can be overcome in the present state of religious opinion is doubtful; so long as a religious is divorced from an intellectual education in our common-school system, the impossibility of a fair and complete presentation of the Christian faith will continue and the conditions of religious belief will be ignored. This leaves the multitude dependent only upon reason and common sense in the search for a faith, and blinded as to the true conditions on which the faith is to be received. Upon such terms religion is to win its way among the masses in this country, or infidelity is to take its place.

This strictly human point of view, from which the greater number in this age regard Christianity, has made popular a religious literature which pays little respect to tradition or authority. It is a literature which, at its highest point, accepts the gospels as authentic documents and refuses to consult a theological system. Its object is to prove what it can from the mere record or letter. The wish is to deal with the question in its essence. Writers desire to come down so low that the question can be argued in the courts of reason alone; and there they hope to take a stand, behind which no one can go. This is the necessity of our age, and any work which is based upon what may be called the naturalistic argument for Christianity—that is, which deals largely with the manhood of Christ alone—is sure of a very hearty welcome.

This explains the success of *Ecce Homo*. As a representation of the whole subject of the life and works of Jesus Christ, it is partial and incomplete; as a biography, it is meagre; as a critical study, it is wanting in accuracy; but the author took up a single line of thought and carried it out with great success. By studying Christ in his relations to the Christian society, and in comparison with a political or social system, he gained an unusual freshness in the treatment of his topic, and having thought deeply and earnestly upon the life of Christ he was able to write with the inspiration of genius. His work was very defective because it took up the subject from only one side; but it appealed to the hungry multitude of educated thinkers and enquirers with singular aptness and success. It met a want. It was adapted to a peculiar state of religious opinion. It was the candid statement of a resolute thinker to those who would rather hear the layman than the priest. That the work was final and exhaustive was never pretended. The author has himself said that it was not intended to close discussion, but to open it. The wooden-headed theologians who battled against it had all their work for nothing. It was not written for them; and they were unable to appreciate its purpose. It was merely a tentative argument. Those who were ready for an exhaustive discussion or a more believing study must go elsewhere.

*Ecce Deus* is in the same vein, but is a book written

\* *Ecce Deus: Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ. With Controversial Notes on Ecce Homo.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.

from a higher starting-point. Taking the gospels as a true and strictly historical basis, the author builds up a cumulative argument from another point of view. He proceeds upon four convictions:

"First. That it is not merely difficult but absolutely impossible rightly to survey the life and work of Jesus Christ without distinctly acknowledging the unprecedented conditions under which Jesus Christ became incarnate.

"Second. That those conditions can alone account for, and are essential to, a true interpretation of the entire doctrine and phenomena associated with the name of Jesus Christ.

"Third. That those conditions and the whole course which they inaugurated (the miraculous conception, the doctrine, the miracle, the death, and the resurrection) constitute a unity which necessitates the conclusion that Jesus Christ was God incarnate; and,

"Fourth. That the author of *Ecce Homo*, having overlooked or ignored those conditions, has worked from a wrong centre, and reached several sophistical and untenable conclusions." While *Ecce Homo* left the reader convinced that Jesus Christ could be none other than God incarnate, *Ecce Deus* begins by taking this as the basis of the argument. The question with the latter author, therefore, is, How Christ as God incarnate approved himself to men and accomplished the mission on which he was sent? The divinity and the humanity are two inseparable elements. The one speaks through and develops itself in the other. The consistency of the manifestation of the one in the other is the point which establishes beyond a doubt the *Ecce Deus*. This new volume, therefore, takes independent ground and has its own ends to gain. The writer believes that not until one realizes the fundamental fact of the incarnation does he understand the sense in which Jesus Christ calls himself Son of God and Son of Man.

To follow the author through all the steps of his argument is not our purpose, but only to indicate to the reader its scope, character, and the manner of its execution, so that he may be led on to its entire perusal. He begins with the incarnation as an accepted fact. The point to be established is whether the mystery of the doctrine is consistent with the mystery of the birth. With regard to the birth, the author truly remarks that "omnipotence covers the whole ground of difficulty as to the possibility of such a conception as is claimed in behalf of Jesus Christ." The circumstance that he had been the absorbing theme of all ages prior to the advent marks him off from all other men. The conditions of his birth, as relative to the prophecy of his coming, made the work of an impostor exceedingly difficult. A common man could not be tolerated after so uncommon a beginning. If Christ be not God, he is the devil.

The written Word which contains the history of the life is the next thing to be accounted for. The Christian writings abound in seminal ideas; they are full of beginnings. The Book contains contradictions more or less real. So does the book of nature; so does the whole life and speech of men. The various use of the writings to prove contradictory dogmas brings up the question how the Scriptures shall be interpreted. Is the Church an authorized and necessary interpreter? Not the Church alone, the author replies, but the spirit of truth. "That spirit was to be an indwelling presence in the Church, inspiring and guiding the education of the soul, interpreting the facts which the visible Christ had created." The Christian writings without the Christian spirit would be a dead letter. Christ is now represented by the Holy Ghost, still head over all, though unseen of men. The term "root" assigns to the Christian writings their true position and value.

The author next considers the inauguration. "We cannot afford," he remarks, "to contract in the least degree the amplitude of Christ's manhood; it is upon that side particularly that he belongs to us." "By so much as he was human he was limited, during his obscurity, in consciousness." This view detracts in no degree from Christ's deity, but throws into bolder and more particular relief the elements which contradistinguished him from all others. The inaugural process has two phases, the baptism and the temptation. These are congruous with all that we have seen in the foretelling and the birth. The same mystery overshadows them. By the baptism of John and the voice from heaven "Christ publicly identified himself with the current of divine purposes, as shown in human history. He worked with man as well as for man, and was thus the contemporary of all ages." The author's view of baptism incidentally comes in here and shows his own religious position: "Baptism provides for the lower and coarser part of human nature.

It associates in a very natural way fact with faith, something done with something yet to be done, and thus it is

made a help to us. To make anything more important of it would be to abet the theological charlatany which has kept back many souls from the kingdom of God." This bad temper when religious dogma is touched upon is singularly inconsistent in a writer who takes the incarnation as his starting point, and is the first intimation we have of the radical weakness of the volume. Religious dogma is the necessary form in which divine facts are preserved, and the controversial attitude of divinity which the author cordially hates, even going so far as to say that it has probably originated three-fourths of the speculative scepticism of the age, has blinded him to the laws which govern religious truth. There is point in his statement, but the repulsion of many is due to the confusion engendered by controversy, not to the science of theology. But in the explanation of the temptation the author shows an insight into the conditions of the case and a power of interpretation from the human side which will rank with the finest parts of *Eccle Homo*. In regard to it he says: "Every assault is encountered upon the human side; to have met the tempter otherwise would have been to deflect from the only course possible to man, and to have divested the wilderness period of the incarnation of all the features which endear it to probationary manhood."

The baptized and tempted Son was now prepared for his mission. The consistency between the preparation and the work is striking and suggestive. The power which had been so long restrained now displayed itself abundantly in the "mighty works." These were the miracles; and these can be difficult of credence only according to the low spiritual attitude from which they are viewed. The author believes that there is nothing in the nature of things to prevent miracles being wrought to-day as well as they were ever wrought; and this is true so far as the Christian Church is controlled by the presence of the Spirit, which is a constant development of the miraculous in human life. The intimate blending of the human with the divine element in Christ's life is again most happily dwelt upon. Many points in regard to these miracles are strikingly and freshly brought out, as, for instance, in this sentence: "The mighty Worker was admitted through the body to the soul."

The next point is the calling of men. Claiming to be king and ruler of men, Christ began his society with two obscure laborers. "The call met a deep craving of the heart, and at once they joined Christ the man, without knowing anything of Christ the doctrine. Not a creed, but a life bade them follow." Again the author lets loose his bad temper toward the Christian Church as it is: "Probably the greatest stumbling-block to the extension of Christ's influence is scholastic or formulated theology." The call of the Church, he truly says, often differs from the call of Christ in being a call to theology; but he ignores the fact that a Church without a creed cannot exist, and confounds the simple conditions of membership in most branches of the Christian Church with the whole weight of metaphysical divinity. His great point is "love first, knowledge afterwards;" but love must be directed to an object, and this must be set forth in a creed. His remark that "uniformity of theological creed is a simple impossibility," is not true; for we doubt if any body of Christians would dare to insist on more than the Apostle's Creed as a condition of membership. The persons called were the only ones who could have been called, "in harmony with the whole mystery of Jesus Christ." He began at the lowest point in society; he recognized no essential distinction between man and man; he worked in harmony with the spirit of this plan. People that were rejected on every side became his servants, and brethren, and friends. By going to the lowest stratum of human nature, Christ gave a new idea of the value of man. He built a kingdom out of the refuse of society. The writer beautifully touches upon the fact that "Christ is never said to have called a woman to follow him as he called his disciples," and "that, so far as the evidence goes, no woman ever spoke a word against him, while many women were last at the cross and earliest at the sepulchre." Christ rejecting men is the subject of a special chapter, in which the author's peculiar talent for going beneath the narrative and seizing upon the idea behind the fact is not marred by any foolish prejudices.

But the section in which the author traces the incarnation out into the visible institution of the Church is open to severe criticism. The author of *Eccle Homo*, looking at the position and principles of the Christian Church in the light of a political society, tried to account for it as related to Jesus Christ; and his work was a new proof that it was a divine institution and "descended out of heaven from God;" but the present writer, taking a position within the pale of belief, should logically go even further, and show how the Church is the result of the incarnation.

He should come down to facts, to definite teaching. The devout reader who sees how admirably he argues his points so far as the duality of Christ's nature goes, wishes to be led into the visible Church in this world. This leadership the writer attempts; but he rises no higher than the sect-idea of the Church, and in the application of this to a universal society confuses the whole subject. He seems at times desirous to rise above his own argument, but an imperfect method pins him down. He hates the sect. His principal anathemas are flung against it; but the Church as the divine institution in the world and its development from the incarnation he fails to find and enunciate. "The 'root' idea of the Church is that of a particular relation of man to man, originated by a common relation to Jesus Christ." The Church "was a confederation of hearts, founded on a purely moral basis, subsisting continually upon a deep love for the Christ who had called them to his fellowship." From the starting point of a voluntary society the author develops many fresh and suggestive thoughts, and the whole section may be read with profit; but no clear idea of the great universal Church of Christ, which actually exists in the world as his representative, is set forth. Had he brought out this first, all his observations would have found a place and been seen in relation to a common whole. Many readers will supply this; but the great majority have this yet to learn, and hence so far as this book was intended to penetrate the intricacies of modern scepticism, it lacks just that positive teaching which was so large an element in the usefulness of *Eccle Homo*. We have not space to go through this subject in detail, and these columns are not the place for it. But if we are not mistaken the great need among the loose ends of Protestantism, and what they crave for, is clear, positive, definite teaching as to how Jesus Christ is related to the great fact of the Christian Church, to the living institution of many parts, as it exists in the world. The *nexus* which binds the two has been lost sight of. The position of this writer leads us to expect that he will advance a true solution, but while fully conscious of the need, he cannot find it with all his argumentations, and the weakness of this portion of his work casts a shadow upon the thoroughness and excellence of other parts. The following passage shows that the writer has a conception of the needs of the case, and had he filled up even this outline consistently, his whole argument would have been a power:

"The enquiry is, How did Christ propose to make himself not only the contemporary but the king of all ages? To this enquiry our answer has been, (1), by a personal ministry; (2), by a fully delineated judgment; and (3), by the gift of the Spirit of Truth, whose peculiar function is to take of the things of Christ and show them unto the Church. It has been admitted by the latest writer on the life of Christ that Christ could, even after his personal withdrawal, visit his people 'in refreshing inspirations and great acts of providential justice;' this admission really covers the whole question of Christ's contemporaneousness with all ages, for if he can visit his people at all in 'refreshing inspirations and great acts of providential justice,' he is, necessarily (if faithful to himself), the chief factor in human development on the Christian side."

The book is weak where *Eccle Homo* was comparatively strong, and strong where *Eccle Homo* was confessedly weak. The two books are, therefore, the complement of each other, and need to be read together.

The remaining portions of the volume are not open to such severe criticism.

The chapter on *Christ adjusting Human Relations* is very happily wrought out, and that on *The Cross of Christ*, which is its supplement, is equally good. They avoid the technical language of theology and purposely speak upon the side of reason, and for this very cause they are all the more significant. The author writes with a conscious mastery of his subject, and his views are fresh, suggestive, and convincing. *These Sayings of Men* is a comparison between the investigations of the human teacher and the revelations of the divine, and is thoroughly done. The most satisfactory chapter in the volume is that on *Eternal Punishments*; we have never seen the subject better argued from the point of reason and natural justice. Its connection with the cross is tenderly and truthfully set forth. The chapters on *The Relation of the Cross to the Law* and *The Relation of the Cross to Practical Morals* will command attention for their completeness and careful thought. Without being theological, they are very successful discussions from a point of view which will attract many. The refutation which he makes of certain objections of John Stuart Mill against Christian morals leaves nothing more to be said. The closing chapter of the volume proper is a deficient statement of *The Posthumous Ministry of Jesus Christ*; then follow some controversial notes on *Eccle Homo*, principally where the one writer differs from the other because he writes from another point of view.

As a life of Jesus Christ *Eccle Deus* is as defective as

*Eccle Homo*; but as an argument for the divinity of Christ from the pointings of human reason and the historical gospels it is complete and satisfactory. Whenever the author goes beyond the life of Christ, however, or begins a constructive argument concerning the Christian Church, he is weak and untrustworthy. The excellence of the volume, then, is its carefully argued delineation of the life and doctrines of Christ, with the simple object of convincing one at every point of the duality the divine and human, in Christ's nature. Its presentation of Christian morals as the practical side of theology are unusually well done. The volume is less brilliant, on the whole, than *Eccle Homo*; but it is more logical and much clearer in all that concerns the whole life of Christ. The style is crisp, sharp, clear, and strong. The writer must have been a close student of the New Testament, and sheds much light upon many passages. He is, throughout, fervent and honest to his own convictions. His book is a volume of essays rather than a complete treatise, and these essays vary widely in merit; but the argument, in most cases, is complete, and leaves little to be said by the sceptic. It is a good sign that such a reverent and really honest book has been written, and we are quite sure that it will fairly meet the difficulties of educated and thoughtful minds.

#### THE RICH HUSBAND.\*

AMONG the female writers who stand next in rank to George Eliot and the distinguished authoress of *The Chronicles of Carlingford*, Mrs. Riddell is justly entitled to the foremost place. At the outset of her career her efforts were highly appreciated and encouraged, and each successive work has given her a more prominent position in public estimation. At the same time the high commendation due to this lady's writing must be qualified by an expression of regret that the startling rapidity with which her novels are produced does not afford time for that careful finish which is requisite to the perfecting of works which have the merit of exhibiting so much dramatic power, genuine feeling, and capacity in the delineation of characters and scenes.

There are few writers who, having attained to celebrity, are willing to revive their earlier productions and subject them to the test of comparison with those works through which, at a later stage in their intellectual career, their fame has been acquired; their mature judgment discerns faults which, if they cannot amend, they would fain hide; and some of our finest writers have shrunk from the ordeal which Mrs. Riddell has the courage to abide, and which, in the present instance, she need have no cause to regret. The story exhibits remarkable strength of purpose and vigor of execution, but is occasionally marred by slight exaggeration and improbability, and unnecessarily lengthened by tedious recapitulation of family records and contemporaneous histories of personages in whom the reader takes no interest. The character of the heroine is striking and original; our warmest sympathies are enlisted on her behalf, and yet it is impossible altogether to approve her conduct, although the authoress evidently considers it capable of excuse and even of justification. At Landyl Hall, the seat of a once wealthy and powerful family—now the desolate home of their impoverished descendants—on a dark, tempestuous night, as the wife of Mr. Renelle breathed her last, their daughter Judith was ushered into life. Beside the bed—which had once been a couch of state—an old Welshwoman indulges in the following prophecy:

"I tell you, her lot will be the worst of any. I never saw a budy sleep as she sleeps; with such starts and twitches and turns; then it was not for nothing that she was sent into the world on a night like this, just when her mother drew her last breath; see how she clutches her tiny hands as though she were preparing for some struggle, and heaven knows, too, she well may be. How could it be otherwise? How can it? Oh! no, no; she will go through life battling her way. I see it written across her face—I see it there!"

Nothing can be more charming than the picture of Judith's early life; her devotion to her father, the cheerfulness and industry with which she uses every means to make the old place habitable, her gaiety and beauty, and her unwearied attention to her poor afflicted sister, are all admirably portrayed. One hour suffices to blight her happiness for ever; she rejects, in a fit of waywardness, the only man she could ever love, and his death serves to change the whole current of her life and transform her from a joyous, free-hearted girl to a stern, hard, broken-hearted woman. Judith endeavors to add to the scanty means provided by her father for the subsistence of the family by writing, and sends her manuscript to one Mr. Kearns:

\* *The Rich Husband; A Novel*. By Mrs. Riddell. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1867.

"Mr. Kearn was one of those wolves in sheep's clothing who go about the world lacerating the hearts of tender young authors, with an indescribable show of kindness and painful adherence to truth. . . . He was an impertinent literary quack who, having just sense enough to find out the safe side of criticism, fault-finding, scattered his 'notes of censure' broadcast over the kingdom, and then called out for the world to come to admire the work he had accomplished."

Her manuscript is, of course, rejected; and, after long struggles with poverty, her father dies; she and her sister Lillian are left penniless, and in order to provide a home for the latter, who is threatened with blindness, the unhappy Judith marries Mr. Mazingford, a rich, selfish, and, we must add, brutal wretch, whose whole efforts are employed in making a great display for the astonishment of his neighbors and in endeavoring to subdue the indomitable spirit of his wife. She never concealed from him her motives in marrying; but he undervalued the strength of her will, and was weak enough to suppose that he had power to conquer her. Faithfully but coldly Judith performed all her duties, never doing anything that her husband could find fault with, but irritating him almost beyond endurance by reminding him, more by manner than words, that their compact was one into which no love could ever enter, that she married him for the sole purpose of making Lillian comfortable and of securing to her those luxuries which she could only obtain through his means. It is not an elevated condition of married life which the author has endeavored to depict, it is not one from which great moral teachings can be deduced; but it is, nevertheless, one for which a parallel may be found in actual experience, and the portraiture, if not attractive, has the merit of faithful rendering.

Under these circumstances anything like happiness was of course out of the question, but it must be acknowledged that Judith defeated her own purpose and, by rousing her husband's worst passions, invited the violence of which she complained. He never fulfilled his promise, upon which her agreement to marry him was founded, of advancing the money requisite for Lillian's cure, but she was not wise in urging her claims by speeches similar to the following:

"Remember, Mr. Mazingford, to whom you are speaking; remember that I have good blood in my veins, and that you have not; remember that if you have money, I have birth; remember that I am the rarest piece of workmanship you ever purchased, and pray do not forget that, although I am your wife, you have never paid for me yet."

She again urges Mazingford to give the money for Lillian, and after more contention he so far forgets himself as to strike her. She uttered no complaint, but as soon as she had recovered from the shock occasioned by the blow, she coolly proceeded to forge his name to a check for four hundred pounds, went to the bank and received the money, which she immediately took to her aunt, in whose charge Lillian was placed. On her return home a terrible scene ensued, and her husband dashes her to the ground with such violence that she is confined to her bed for some days. At length poor Lillian dies, and matters become worse and worse between the married pair. She had now no incentive to conciliate him, and she made no effort to do so. By every means he endeavored to break her spirit, to make her submissive, but to no purpose; she heartily despised him, and made no attempt to conceal her feelings; to his threats, she only answered, "I defy you to break a broken heart!" One day she urged him to submit to a separation, and his brutality was such that she left the house and found means to conceal her place of refuge for a time, during which she pursued her literary avocations and succeeded in acquiring both fame and money by her pen. One day she is recognized in the street by her husband and again taken to her wretched home. After her return, she continues her writing for a time, and her husband is proud of her success and the celebrity which he supposes to reflect credit upon him:

"It was really astonishing, when it became known that Mrs. Mazingford and the authoress of 'those clever books' were one and the same person, how her productions were sought after! Her publisher grew anxious for another manuscript. His brethren began to speculate upon the desirability of bringing out a new novel by her. Librarians eagerly demanded when she was going to write more; insinuated to Mr. Mason that they had a few vacant places on their shelves that they would be glad to fill with a new work, with a taking title, by the so-called 'Mrs. Gilmore.' In fact, there was a perfect furor about the matter; and at last Messrs. Noxley & Mabelle offered terms for a fresh novel, terms which he usually started Mr. Mazingford."

Of course Judith refuses to write while under her husband's roof, and altercations ensue with increased violence, until he has recourse to imprisonment in a private mad-house, from which she effects her escape. The pic-

ture of the life led by this ill-assorted pair is truly sad, as indeed are many of the passages in the lives of other characters whom we have not space to notice. Mrs. Riddell is somewhat severe upon the publishers and, doubtless, writes from experience; but all who are acquainted with the early struggles to which even the most successful authors have had to submit will acknowledge that many of her strictures are well founded, though they may not be in strict accordance with good taste.

In the opening chapters of the book there are some sketches of London streets drawn with much skill and fidelity, and the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the individuals occupying these localities, remote from the great world, are admirably depicted.

"If you want to know," writes the author, "what perfect independence is, to be able to do precisely as you like, to be free from censorious observation, to escape the keen scrutiny and malignant criticism of old women of both sexes; if you desire to live in what style you choose, to wear out shabby clothes without being pointed at as poor, to disport the most fashionable garments without being called extravagant; to be married without a living soul but the curate, the clerk, and your wife being the wiser; to be buried without a score of idle tongues telegraphing the fact from house to house and calling the funeral stinky, and holding a coroner's inquest with a special jury over your memory, come and live in the very heart of London."

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

*Poems by Amanda T. Jones. Printed at the Riverside Press, and for sale by Hurd and Houghton, New York. 1867.*—American young people, especially of the softer sex, are greatly given to what the London *Spectator* has called "donkey-riding on Parnassus." It is truly wonderful at how early an age American girls discern the mysterious and pleasing concords of love and dove, youth and truth, beauty and duty; only less wonderful, indeed, than the vast number of changes they contrive to ring on these simple combinations and their prolonged success in conveying, with the greatest possible quantity of musical words, the fewest possible ideas. But the mania for versifying is, after all, a harmless mania. Barring the waste of the writer's time and the reader's patience, it is rather beneficial than otherwise. The habit of trying to do one's best in anything is a good habit, and, in this case, the tendency is to give us what as a people we most lack—refinement and delicacy of thought. Besides, the disease is as brief as it is violent and seldom outlasts the gushing period of girlhood. Soon after leaving boarding-school the febrile symptoms gradually abate; a year or two of society is generally sufficient to convert it into a mild intermittent; it is only a very incurable and hopeless case indeed that survives matrimony and maternity. And, for the most part, the youthful pseudo-muse, if we may use the expression, is content to flap her wings in the poet's corners of country papers, seldom venturing into the open heaven of publication, of extra cloth and gilt edges—"the poet's heaven of blue and gold." If she should stray hitherward what can the courteous critic do but gently pat her silly head, wisely wag his own, and so dismiss her to inevitable and not unkindly oblivion?

But sometimes it so happens that the presumptuous creature declines to be thus dismissed; returns again to the charge; whispers in our ear at unguarded moments; points out this brilliant description or that striking metaphor; in a word, so pesters and plagues us that when, in very vexation, we come to examine her more closely we are surprised to discover in her pretty face a decided resemblance to the Heavenly Nine. In this simple allegory we wish to convey the truth that from all this mass of scribbling and poetasting is sometimes, and in small amounts, evolved what, if not poetry, is at least so good an imitation as to deceive a careless scrutiny. And Miss Jones's merit is so far beyond the average of the school which she, we will not say belongs to, but has, apparently, graduated from, as to claim something more than the brief notice already accorded to her in THE ROUND TABLE. Not the least of her merit is her freedom from the characteristic faults of writers of her class, maudlin sentimentality and lackadaisical drivel. Her verses, besides, are written with fluency and grace and show considerable command of language and sprightliness of fancy. Her reading seems to have been quite extensive, and if her scholarship is neither very brilliant nor very profound, if *Zeus* is disguised as a dissyllable and *Calliope* tortured into *Calliope*, and Greek gods and Roman gods jumbled in unseemly confusion, it is something that she should have any pretension to scholarship at all; it is something that an American girl should have even as much classical learning as can be got from a classical dictionary. It will be long, of course, before there will be of our country-women any who shall give us such translations of *Æschylus* as Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Augusta Webster have given; perhaps it is not desirable that there should be; but there is a wide difference between this and the utter inanity and thorough ignorance which generally distinguish our women at present. And Miss Jones is to be praised for this, at least, if for nothing more, that she has made progress in the right direction and set an example worthy of imitation by her innumerable fair rivals.

Of her poems we can speak but briefly. Her most ambitious effort, *The Atlantis*, is founded on a fabled dispute between *Athena* and *Neptune* for the possession of *Acta*, which *Zeus*, intervening, assigns to the former, and to the latter, dominion over all lands besides. Thereupon the ocean god retires in a huff to *Atlantis*, an island in mid ocean, where, in fulness of time, his sons, reigning after him, cast envious eyes on *Acta*, and at last set forth to subdue it. But *Athena* coming to her peo-

ple's rescue, the invaders are slaughtered to a man and their island submerged and overwhelmed by *Zeus*. The difficult Spenserian stanza, in which the story is told, is handled with much skill, and though the metaphors are sometimes far-fetched—in one case, we fear to say how many million miles:

"Brow and breast and limb of ivory shone  
Fair as the milk-white moons that rise and glide  
O'er distant *Herschel's* night involved zone  
And bid admiring spheres their veiling shades disown"

they are redeemed by such picturesque phrases as "tempest herded clouds," "voiceful legions," "unleashed thunders," "fleet, frore wings of death," and such good descriptions as that of *Athena's* and *Neptune's* parting, on pages 19, 20—

"Slow waving flowers arise, as if the spring  
Had blown his reedy music far and wide—  
And nightingales begin to wave the wing  
And pant and thrill in ecstasies of pride;  
Their willing raptures ripple and subside  
Till all the passing æthere swum with song;  
'*Athena* comes more fair than crowned bride—  
With blast nor fleet ye mounts her presence wrong,  
Breathes softly loud her praise, afar the chant prolong."

"Now swells the sea its coming lord to greet;  
From isle to isle full fast the tidings drift;  
The speedy billows roll around his feet.  
A crescent shapen chorus high they lift;  
They urge the steed from out the watery rift;  
While foamy hands make haste to fling the rein,  
Ascends the god—the dripping wheels are swift,  
The glittering hoofs fast beat the charmed main,  
Whose surges crouch before and all their waves restrain."

the last lines of which may have been suggested by *Virgil, Æneid* v. 817, seq.; of *Atlantis* on page 21,

"There grew all flowers the brightness to enhance;  
There lyre-like winds did chime in every glade;  
A thousand heights did shining streams elance,  
From sun-lit crags to valleys steeped in shade;  
A thousand lucid winding rivers strayed  
By fragrant mounds, where flights of golden bees  
Trill faint the senses ceased thereon to dote,  
Spilling the dew to reach the honey-lees;  
And there were verdant palms and many stately trees."

"There shells of crimson strewed the shadowy sands  
As sunset clouds on ashen skies afloat;  
And there all birds that dwell in lightsome lands  
Shook wings of flame, and sang, and soared remote,  
'Till faint the senses ceased thereon to dote,  
And but the happy heart with song was sweet;  
And ah! the deepening floods of light that smote  
The leafy gates of every dim retreat,  
And on the waveless lakes made white each flowery fleet!"

of the fight, on pp. 48-51, and of the destruction of the island, on p. 56, which space will not permit us to quote. The purple patch of patriotism in the shape of a moral we do not greatly fancy—the less as it becomes immoral even to blasphemy—in the passage on *Lincoln's* assassination:

"And sighing yet, 'Thy will, O God! not mine.'  
His clinging crown of thorns half snatched away,  
His wan lips wet with crucifixion-wine,  
He stood, pale herald of millennial day,  
While Judas paused afar and whispered, 'Slay him—slay him!'"

In fact, the patriotic poems throughout display more patriotism than poetry, and not much of either. Such effusions as *Fort Donelson*, with its "southern demons" and "traitors athirst for blood," and *The Battle of Lookout Mountain*, with its "rebellious hordes" and "fiends" and "brutal hatred's tigish yells," are certainly in very bad taste; not even excused by the fact that the author has lost a brother in the war. Any publication tending to keep alive the bitterness of the strife which has so recently and so happily ended cannot be too severely denounced. The best of these poems are those least tainted with politics: *April Days*, *The Rebel Flag of Truce*, and the *Threnody on Captain Falconer*, which attracted considerable notice when first published in THE ROUND TABLE. *The Battle of Lookout Mountain* reminds us of *Baker's* poem on the same subject, but has less muscle and vigor. Such expressions as "*Desistance*," "*erective day*," "*dulcitude*," and "*waltzing waters*" might be advantageously omitted. Of the miscellaneous poems the first, entitled *The Vision of the Egyptian Priest*, is the most remarkable, and the last, *Poem Delivered at the Anniversary of some mysterious Nameless Club*, to which the volume is also dedicated, the best. These extracts from the latter must conclude our list of quotations:

"Here *Calliope*, skilled the heart to reach,  
From Thought's deep river flings the form of speech" (p. 188);  
—"sharp antagonisms, like wasps, that reach  
Into the heart to get the sweets of love" (p. 190).

Of the winds:

"How rushed they forth, alert and strong and free!  
With dancing feet to thrird the dark-arched woods;  
To plough the sands on desert solitudes;  
O'er drowsy plains to chase the sitting bee;  
Down dripping chasms the falling leaf to whirl;  
Cloud against cloud 'mid leaping flames to hurl;  
To beat with forceful wings the frothy sea," etc.

On the whole, Miss Jones's volume, we think, shows considerable promise, a cultivated taste, and a genuine feeling for art. It has many of the elements which go to make true poetry; if it is often commonplace, it is as often impressive; if it evinces no great brilliancy of imagination, it bears the impress of a vivid and graceful fancy; if the thought is never very profound, it is generally correct; the descriptive passages betoken a quick eye for the picturesque, and the metrical combinations an ear for the resources of rhythm. After the glare of noonday we turn with relief to the dim beauty of the starlight, and if Miss Jones cannot shine a sun in the poetical firmament she may at least twinkle fairly among the lesser lights—a "milk-white moon of *Herschel*," for example; if she cannot hope to rank with the "grand old masters, the bards sublime," she need not despair of winning a place among

—"the humbler poets  
Whose songs gush from the heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer  
Or tears from the eyelids start."

*The Political Writings of Richard Cobden. London: W. Ridgway. 1867.*—The reviewer of this work in *The Athenæum*, some weeks since, undertook to prove that

the late Mr. Cobden was not an "international man," and that Lord Hobart, who has first given him that title both in a recent article in *Macmillan's Magazine* and in notes to Cobden's political writings which his lordship has edited, is altogether mistaken. "We should like to know on whose authority," says the writer in his review of this work (*The Athenæum* never knows who edits anything unless informed officially), "Richard Cobden is described as an international man in these pages, since the radical unsoundness of that theory of Cobden's life is proved by every word which, in the course of thirty years, ever dropped from Cobden's pen." *The Athenæum* theory, in fact, is just the contrary. Cobden, if his reviewer is right, was not an international but essentially an insular man. Like those "local patriots," Franklin and Washington (this is *The Athenæum's* phrase), he did not care a button for any nation; would watch them struggling for liberty and against oppression, and would see them damned (better print the word without stars or hyphens) before he would help them. This view of Cobden's life was once common enough. If any English Rip Van Winkle who went to sleep some fourteen or fifteen years ago were now to awaken it would be ten to one that he would applaud. But Englishmen who have been awake during that time have mostly come to a different opinion. They see now that Cobden's foreign policy was based upon something more than mere British selfishness. He hated the crooked ways of the old school, the secret diplomacy, the garbling of blue-book despatches, the Machiavellism, the lying, the double-dealing, the hypocrisy which some people still think essential in international transactions. He had but one simple standard—the principles of morality founded on a wide view of the interests of mankind. This was why he was sometimes stigmatized as Russian in his sympathies, sometimes American, sometimes French. Politicians of a lower class could not understand why he was so often against his own country; the simple explanation was that his own country was so often wrong. They called him unpatriotic; he was simply just. They even stigmatized him as a traitor to his country; he was simply faithful to another and a higher principle. Is this to be an insular or an international man? Cobden taught the great truth, which is even now only partially recognized among practical statesmen, that the interests of nations are not antagonistic but identical. When the American colonies established their independence, France exulted in England's supposed ruin; when the French monarchy fell and anarchy succeeded, the English ignorantly rejoiced at the imaginary downfall of their neighbor. Mr. Cobden taught a different creed, drawn from the truths of political philosophy. He taught the people that our neighbor's prosperity is, in a great measure, our prosperity; and that it is wiser and better to be friends than enemies. If this be selfishness, it would be well for mankind if selfishness were less rare. It is quite true that he rarely approved of active intervention in the affairs of other nations, on whatever ground it might be advocated. In this respect his opinions appear as first sight to be opposed to those of Mr. Mill, who has so eloquently repudiated the notion—if any one has such a notion—that we are to look on and see a people subjugated by foreign troops, or oppressed by tyrannical rulers, and be precluded from rendering any assistance in our power. But Mr. Mill was laying down abstract principles, qualifying them all the while by so many other considerations that there was, after all, probably little difference between his and Mr. Cobden's philosophy. Cobden had to decide on cases as they arose in practice, and in few, if any, of these did he see any grounds for approving of the old English habit of meddling in foreign affairs. He had a profound distrust of the ruling class among his own countrymen. He had but too many proofs that they had no sympathy with liberty, but would oftentimes be found on the wrong side; or, if pretending to support the right, would be there only to betray their cause. And again, he was essentially a practical man. He knew that the best-intentioned interference is continually proving mischievous, and tending to far other results than were ever contemplated. Besides this, he took a rational view of things; and saw there were limits to England's power to do good which it would be foolish to shut her eyes to. There is a class in England who would despatch a fleet to bombard Warsaw on behalf of the poor Poles; Mr. Cobden was not of these. He would probably have explained that he was for letting Russia and the Poles alone, so far, at least, as armed interference went, for no other than the homely reason that armed interference would probably do more harm than good. It is true, as *The Athenæum's* reviewer says, that Cobden disapproved of the war in aid of Turkey against Russia; but he had, right or wrong, a deep conviction that it would be better for the inhabitants of Turkey—that is, of European Turkey—to be part of Russia than to be governed by their present rulers; and he was right. But no man sympathized less with aggression or with the rage for territorial aggrandizement. He would have given up Gibraltar to the Spaniards, the Ionian Islands to their own people, or Canada to the United States, if their inhabitants had clearly wished it. Was this a mere insular policy? This new revival of a bygone slander would answer yes; but we may safely leave nations other than England who were most affected by it to pronounce upon that point. The book is soon to be published in this country by the Messrs. Appleton, when we shall take occasion to return to it.

*Grif: A Story of Colonial Life.* By B. L. Farjeon. Dunedin (New Zealand): William Hay. 1866.—We are indebted to Mr. Farjeon not only for the very readable novel he has sent us, but for correction of impressions about the Antipodes which, so far as they were formed at all, were vaguely erroneous. We were not so far astray as a Paris editor who, as we learn from a late number of *The Honolulu Advertiser*, has been representing a young Frenchman as relapsing into barbarism and adopting an unpronounceable name in order to espouse a

Sandwich Island princess and ascend her father's throne. But our conception of Australia chiefly included convicts, bushrangers, natives, kangaroos, opossums, flocks of sheep, gum-trees, gold-diggings, and embraced nothing of a much higher grade of civilization. We were aware of newspapers there, and, if we had thought about it at all, might have entertained the idea of banks and other business and social conveniences, such as exist elsewhere. But as our literature about it is usually made, if not published, on the spot, then published in England, and finally reprinted after a lapse of time in this country, it is only natural that a book written for the New Zealand, Australian, and Tasmanian market last Christmas should be some years fresher than anything else that has reached us from that quarter. Besides, people writing about a country with which they are familiar for the benefit of those at a distance, invariably dwell upon matters which they think calculated to surprise us, but which are exactly the ones we have read about a hundred times before; so that an average book on an English colony in Oceania gives a far less graphic idea of the daily life of the region than can be had from the advertising or reporters' columns of a local newspaper or a story, like the one before us, written for consumption on the spot.

Of course we knew all this before we read *Grif*; nevertheless, it was not without surprise that we received from a region popularly associated with aboriginal cannibals with a penchant for massacring white men, a novel much more neatly printed than novels are in New York, and which talked of Australian cities and Australian people as if they were much the same as other cities and people. We have bushrangers, to be sure, likewise gold-diggings and a single native who, unfortunately, is too civilized to be at all romantic; but we have also banks, boot-blacks, benevolent societies, policemen, public dinners, palaces of trade, merchants who grow wealthy by failing, and even swells and office-holders, very much as we might have in New York or New Orleans or San Francisco, so much, indeed, that among the strongest indications of its origin are the variations of slang and occasional idioms strange to our ears, as when we read that a man "went out into the open" where we should say "out of doors." That human nature has known little change appears from this bit of experience recounted by our hero:

"... When I was in quod a preacher chap comes and preaches to me. He sets 'isself down upon the bench and reads somethin' out of a book—a Bible, you know—and after he'd preached for 'arf a hour he says: 'Wot do yer think of that, 'lighted boy?' 'It's wery good,' I see; 'but I can't cut it.' 'Put yer trust above,' he sees. 'But a pose all the grub is down 'ere,' sees I: 'I can't go up there and fetch it.' Then he groans and tells me a story about a blinfast who was found in the bulrushes, after it 'ad been deserted, and I ups and tells him that I've been deserted, and y'don't somebody come and take me out of the bulrushes! Wot's he puzzled, neither."

"... 'Don't yer stes' no more,' he sees, 'or yer scide'll go to morchal perdition. Men is charytable and good; jist you 'er 'em, and give up yer evil courses.' So wen I gets out of quod, sees I to myself, 'I'll jist try if the preacher cove is right. I waited till I was 'ungry and couldn't get nothin' to eat without stealin' it. I could 'ave took a trotter, for the trotter-man was a drinkin' at a bar and his basket was on a bench; but I wouldn't. No; I goes straight to the swell streets, and there I sees one walkin' up and down, and 'fritin' their 'ate, and smilin' at the gals. I didn't 'ave courage at first to speak to 'em, but wen I did, send I may live! they started back as if I was a mad dawg. You be awf, they sees, or you'll be giv in charge. Who should I see comin' along but the preacher chap. 'Ere's a slant,' sees I to myself. He 'ad a lady on 'is arm and they looked wery grand. But wen I went up to him he starts back, and sees, 'Begawn, young repubertite!' Wen I heard that, I and Charley be blowed I and I goes and finds out the trotter-man and takes two trotters, and no one knows nothin' about it."

From this it will be perceived that a portion of the plot is cast among the thieves inevitable in Australian narrative. It is in this portion that the tragic element is introduced, which is compensated by some genuine humor in the delineations of colonial high life. The story is a well constructed and exciting one, but ends so abruptly as to suggest that the last page stands for what in the author's mind assumed the proportions of several chapters.

*Caii Julii Caesaris Commentarii de Bello Gallico.* With explanatory notes by George Stuart. A. M. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Bro. 1867.—The *Caesar* before us is the first of a classical series to be edited by the editor of the present work and Prof. Thomas Chase, of Haverford College, and to include *Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Sallust*, and other Latin in general use in schools and colleges. The text is mainly that of (Krauer's) of the Tauchnitz edition, though, as will be the case in the others of the series, it has been revised and altered where the research of the best German authorities has established other readings. The question of notes is a difficult one on which to pronounce; a medium should be determined between absolute destitution, which leads to the introduction of "pologies," and those which, like Anthon's, are nearly equivalent to a translation. The present editor seems to us to err on Dr. Anthon's side, though in a less degree. The boy who reads *Caesar* has generally had some practice in what is called baby Latin, and ought to need explanation of very few passages in so simple and lucid, not to say monotonous, a style; yet in the early portions of the books we find an average of a page and a half of fine-print notes to each page of coarse-print text. This, however, gradually diminishes, and towards the close—which is seldom read at all—there is no superabundance of assistance. The edition is a nice one, inexpensive, cleanly printed, neatly bound, but in cloth which an average school-boy will reduce to shabbiness and tatters in a month. In size it is a little larger than the very pleasant flexibly-bound Greek and Latin texts of Harper & Bros., which is, perhaps, the most desirable form wherein the classics can be had, provided one will be content with the bare text.

*Siege of Washington, D. C.* Written expressly for little people. By F. Colburn Adams, Capt. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 1867.—The handsome exterior of this book

and the number and excellence of its illustrations are calculated to entrap one into closer scrutiny of what looks like a very racy *jeu d'esprit*, but turns out to be apparently but a snare and a delusion. The "written expressly for little people" appears at first to be a joke, then you conclude that it is in earnest, and finally, when you become more familiar with our author's conception of jokes, that it is one after all, but that, as in other instances, you may not hope to discover wherein it consists. We read the book with a constant belief that something funny is inevitably at hand, but it proves to be a veritable will-o'-the-wisp and is never to be caught. That which most nearly answers the purpose of fun is the frequent interpolation of "my son," after the manner of Orpheus C. Kerr's "my boy." Still, it is so obvious that the book is humorous that, having failed to discern a passage which we can interpret in a mirthful sense, we are willing to believe that the fault lies with us and that an explanation such as used to follow *Mrs. Grundy's* witticisms will yet display in it a vein of extremely subtle and delicately veiled satire, which we ought unaided to have found. Our faith is largely due to a belief that the artist and printers would not have exerted themselves in so very creditable a manner were there not something more to justify it than our closest scrutiny can discern on the surface.

*Terra Maria; or, Threads of Maryland Colonial History.* By Edward D. Neill. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co. 1867.—Familiar with the chronicles, from Oldmixon down, whose pages contain any shreds of historical value, Mr. Neill has availed himself of leisure moments to ransack the various collections in the Congressional Library—historical tomes, parliamentary and legislative journals, state papers, the Somers and Force collections—in quest of any memorials of the Baltimoreans and their followers that had escaped his predecessors. As the result, he has given us, in a volume of some two hundred and fifty pages containing unusually little of antiquarian chaff, a remarkably readable account of Maryland, in the Good Old Colony Times when we were under the King, the intrigues and rivalries of the Calverts at court and in their various plantations, the growth of their settlements, the rise and struggles of the different churches, the complications with neighboring proprietors—in fine, the passages in the pre-Revolutionary history of Maryland which have escaped historians. For all Marylanders the work has value, and the author's genealogical notes will prove interesting to very many who trace their origin to that state, Virginia, Delaware, or even, in some instances, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. It must be confessed, however, that in these passages of its early history may be found ample explanation of the slight esteem in which the Maryland of to-day is held throughout the sisterhood of states.

*The Holy Bible. With Illustrations by Gustave Doré.* Parts I.-XIV. London and New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.—It is so superfluous to praise and so impossible to explain in words the marvellous powers of M. Doré that we shall not attempt description of what most of the readers of *THE ROUND TABLE* are familiar with. The Bible, it was thought by many, would offer subjects less suited to the artist's pencil—or, more strictly, brush—than *Minnehausen*, *Don Quixote*, or the *Inferno*; the element of extravagance would be taken away, and in a measure those of horror and anguish, which he had depicted so vividly. It must be acknowledged that a few of the plates are not worthy of association with their fellows, yet there are many surpassed by none in the preceding books and not a few in which Doré's powers are displayed even more wonderfully than in the *Inferno*. Nothing could surpass the representations of terror and torture in the illustrations of the Egyptian plagues, the overthrow of Pharaoh's army in the Red Sea, or the destruction of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram; the effects of light and shade in the scene of Joshua commanding the sun to stand still, and of the flight of the Midianites; the impression of distance given in the picture of Achan stoned and of multitude in some of these, but especially in Samson's destruction of the Philistines with the jaw bone, in the last part; or the admirable large figures in rest and action so often introduced, including several of Moses, and others of Jael and Sisera and of Samson and Delilah. The exquisite letter press, it should be added, is as admirable in its way as the engravings it accompanies.

*An Offering of Sympathy to the Afflicted, especially to Bereaved Parents.* By Francis Parkman, D.D. A new edition, with additions by Frederick A. Farley, D.D. New York: James Miller. 1866.—Dr. Parkman was one of the most cultivated and esteemed of the Boston Unitarian ministers in the generation just past. The possessor of an ample fortune, he devoted his life to religious and philanthropic labors. The present volume, the only one he prepared for the press, was suggested by the dreadful death of a little daughter who was burned in her crib. It is made up of reflections upon preparations for adversity, resignation to the divine will, and kindred topics, by Dr. Parkman himself; and a great variety of contributions, in both prose and poetry, from the more eminent Unitarian ministers, such as Drs. Gannett, Lawson, W. B. O. Peabody, Furness, Bellows, Greenwood, and Osgood; with a poem by H. W. Longfellow, two meditations by Mr. George Ripley, a poem by Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, etc. A spirit of tender religious trust and submission, rising to the assured hope of future reunion with Christ and his disciples, pervades the volume. Its tone is thoughtful and sympathetic rather than doctrinal or dogmatic.

*Our Father's Business.* By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. New York: Alexander Strahan. 1867.—Under the above general title Dr. Guthrie has brought together sundry effective discourses and exhortations upon the following themes: *Our Model; Our Object and Chief End; Christian Decision; Perseverance in Well Doing; Man's Inability; God's Ability; The Believer's Reward, and Good*

**Works.** With enthusiasm and energy, and with his wonted fertility of illustration, the author impresses these subjects upon the reader's attention. Dr. Guthrie's great power is in the pulpit or on the platform. Though prevented from coming to this country as a commissioner from the Free Church General Assembly of Scotland to the Presbyterian Assemblies which meet here in May, we trust his American admirers at some future day may have the opportunity, though his health is far from being good, of hearing his stirring eloquence.

**The New York Medical Journal**, of which Dr. Wm. A. Hammond is editor, has appeared in a new typographical dress and with features of literary and scientific interest which are highly creditable to all concerned in its production. Without pretending to pass any subtle criticisms upon the more technical and, to the layman's eye, the more occult articles in the April number, we feel quite safe in saying that it will bear comparison with any publication of similar character in the world. Such a magazine as this can be made the engine of vast good to the community, and *The Medical Journal* is in hands which are incapable of using it save in such a direction. Every physician and surgeon in the country should subscribe for this periodical, and they can do so by remitting to the Messrs. Bradstreet, of Beekman street, by whom it is so beautifully printed.

**I. Amendments to the International Revenue Law**, approved March 2, 1867. New York: Baker, Voorhis & Co.—II. *Notaries and Commissioners' Handbook*, containing all the Necessary Forms, Fees, etc. The Same. 1867.—Messrs. Baker, Voorhis & Co. deserve well of the legal profession for the promptness with which they issue important laws. The alterations in the International Revenue Act made by the last Congress are quite numerous, and are sufficiently interesting to the public at large to make this pamphlet welcome. *The Handbook for Notaries* will be found of great service not only to the officers named, but to every attorney and conveyancer. It contains in a compact form an amount of information which would otherwise have to be sought for through a number of volumes of statutes.

**True Protestant Ritualism.** By the Rev. Charles H. Hall, D.D., Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D.C. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.—Dr. Hall writes with zeal and knowledge against Bishop Hopkins's *Law of Ritualism*. The bishop has committed himself, in rather a startling way, to the position that the ceremonial law of the Mosaic economy is still in force, at least sufficiently for all the purpose of modern ritualism; and Dr. Hall sets forth the weakness and fallacy of this pretension. His work is an effective contribution to the ritualistic controversy. On the basis of "law," American ritualism does not seem to have a firm foothold.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

**DICK & FITZGERALD**, New York.—The Twelve Decisive Battles of the War. By William Swinton. Pp. 323. 1867.  
**CHARLES SCHEPHERD & Co.**, New York.—Homiletics, and Pastoral Theology. By William G. T. Shedd, D.D. Pp. vi, 429. 1867.  
**THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE NEW JERUSALEM IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**, New York.—Lectures on the Nature of Spirit and of Man as a Spiritual Being. By Chauncey Giles, minister of the New Jerusalem Church. Pp. 306. 1867.  
**GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS**, London and New York.—The Poetry Book. By W. B. Trenchard, F.R.S. With pictures by Harrison Weir. Printed in colors by Leighton Brothers. Pp. 356. 1867.  
**HARRIS & HUGHES**, New York.—The Bankrupt Law of the United States. By Edwin James. Pp. 325. 1867.  
**G. P. PUTNAM & SONS**, New York.—Benedictine: Illustrations of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God as Manifested in His Works. By G. Chapin Child, M.D. Pp. 376. 1867.  
**J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.**, Philadelphia.—The Last Days of a King. Translated from the German of Maurice Hartman. By M. E. Miles. Pp. 108. 1867.  
**T. B. PETERSON & HUGHES**, Philadelphia.—The Old Patron; or, The Great Van Broeck Property. By James A. Maitland. Pp. 392. 1867.  
**HILTON & Co.**, New York.—Over Sea; or, England, France, and Scotland as Seen by a Live American. By Henry Morford. Pp. 371. 1867.  
**THE METROPOLITAN RECORD**, New York.—The McDonalds; or, The Ashes of Southern Homes. By William Henry Peck, of Georgia. Pp. 192. 1867.  
**JOHN MURPHY & Co.**, Baltimore.—Some Suggestions Concerning the Nature and Treatment of Decay of the Teeth. By Robert Arthur, M.D., D.D.S. Pp. 70. 1867.  
**D. VAN NORDHAND**, New York.—Weights and Measures according to the Declinal System. By B. F. Craig, M.D. Pp. 49. 1867.  
**ADAMS, BLACKBURN & LYON**, Chicago; A. S. BARNES & Co., New York.—The Handbook of History and Chronology. By Rev. John M. Gregory, LL.D. Pp. 175. 1867.

#### PAMPHLETS, ETC.

**CARROLL, PETER & GALPIN**, London and New York.—The Holy Bible. With illustrations by Gustave Doré. Part XIV.  
**G. W. CARLETON & Co.**, New York.—(Advance sheets.) How to Make Money and How to Keep It. By Thomas A. Bates, author of *Cosmogony*, or *Mysteries of Creation*, and *Answer to Hugh Miller and Geologists*. Pp. 322. 1867.  
**HOWARD CHALKIN**, Philadelphia.—The Uniform Trade List Circular. Vol. I. Pp. 323. 1867.  
**A. K. LORING**, Boston.—The Fortiori Hope. By Edmund Yates. Pp. 172. 1867.  
**HILTON & Co.**, New York.—Nat Gregory. By William Seton, Jr. Also, *The Transit*; published by Division B, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

#### LITERARIANA.

THERE has been of late a great deal of controversy among our publishers respecting their relative rights in the proprietary of certain English novels. At first sight such controversy would appear to be unmeaning enough, since none of them can apparently possess any such rights at all. There is no protection for English authors here any more than there is protection for American authors in England. Any one who chooses to get a copy of a London book may print it in New York and make what he can of it. This is so far patent and ac-

knowledgeed that when one publisher complains upon such a score of infringement on the part of another it is commonly received with that slight attention which is paid when the persuasion is general that there is no real basis upon which a complaint may rest. There is, however, a right and a wrong even here; and a careful examination not of hypothetical but of actual facts will show this to a demonstration. For example, a short time back the Messrs. Harper bought from Mr. Anthony Trollope the advance sheets of his novel called *The Claverings* for two thousand dollars, in order to be able to issue the complete work before any other American house. This certainly was doing very much better than to pay the author nothing at all; and although the Messrs. Harper made the purchase as a business transaction, and with the hope of profit, we do not think this ought to lessen their credit for it. Now, the publisher of *Littell's Living Age*, a periodical entirely made up of unpaid cribbings from foreign contemporaries, had commenced to print *The Claverings* from the English serial issue before the publication of the whole work by the Messrs. Harper; and on the appearance of the latter, in due course, Messrs. Littell, Son & Co. set up a loud cry of complaint and made a piteous appeal for public sympathy because the only issue of *The Claverings* printed in America which paid the author a price for his brains anticipated their own, which paid him not a penny! It subsequently appeared that Messrs. Littell, Son & Co. had offered the stereotype plates of *The Claverings* to the Messrs. Harper, and made it a further and especial ground of complaint against the latter firm that they declined the purchase of plates which were positively made in part from the Harpers' own edition after its publication! Now, in a case like this there cannot be the least doubt as to who is right and who is wrong; and we refer to it thus explicitly because we find that some former remarks in these columns, referring to the same subject, were partially misconstrued. There cannot be a shade of question but that the Messrs. Harper, who thus honestly pay for a certain literary privilege, stand in a more honorable position, and are therefore better entitled to public respect and support, than others who have paid nothing and whose sole principle of business action is that of levying all possible profit which the law allows without the least regard to the moral aspects of the case. There is sometimes a deal of humbug in the ostentatious paying of English authors—as in the case of a Boston house which is loud in puffing itself for the same through all its advertising mediums; and which to our knowledge agreed to pay an English writer of repute a stated price on each copy of his work sold, and then, the work being printed and some years having rolled by, never again, as he himself assured us, communicated with him on that or any other subject—but we have never heard, even from the most scandalous, the whisper of such an imputation of vain-glorious meanness attributed to the Messrs. Harper.

THE REV. SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD has completed a translation of the *Celestial Country* of Bernard of Cluni. Translations have been made by, among others, Dean Trench, Dr. Cole, and Dr. Neale, of whom the latter is on the whole most successful, certainly so far as popularity is concerned. None of them, however, have succeeded at once in conveying the meaning and preserving a literal rendering and the metre of the Latin. Mr. Duffield has endeavored in his version, which is of 104 lines, many of which are verbatim, to combine these features. That he has succeeded is, we think, shown by the specimen verses which we append—the passage being that commencing "O bona patria":

"Father-land best for me, shall I find rest in thee—shall I behold thee?  
Father-land best for me, shall I be blessed in thee—shall grace unfold me?  
Speak to me now I pray, answer and show the way, say 'Thou shalt gain me.'  
Then shall my trust be strong—but wilt thou tarry long? Oh, say 'attain me!'  
Sacred and free from ill blessings for thee fulfil, widening ever.  
God, shall thy way appear—ah! how shall they appear who from him sever!"

MR. W. T. LINTON, of New York, is preparing a history of wood engraving from the earliest time in England, Germany, France, America, and elsewhere. The volume, which is to be printed abroad and of which three hundred copies will be printed for subscribers only, is to be profusely illustrated with proofs on India paper of the best works of the best masters, taken when possible from the original blocks, and in other cases with photographs from early proofs; there will also be samples of faulty style, and cuts of original subjects designed to show the manifold capabilities of wood engraving. The subjects treated in the book include a complete history of the art, ancient and modern, designed to supply the deficiencies of previous works on the subject, none of which can claim completeness; criticisms of the merits of different schools; instructions for artists; accounts of eminent engravers. The work will, no doubt, prove a valuable addition to art literature.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co., whose business has outgrown even their present large establishment on Broadway, purpose another removal. This time it is to Broome Street, which our publishers seem disposed to make the literary street, and where the Messrs. Appleton have bought twelve lots, partially bounded by Grand, Greene, and Broome Streets, on which they will commence to build next month.

MR. CHARLES H. WEBB, it appears, is to be reckoned among our publishers. Beside his admirable *Littell's Living Age*, he announces *St. Truemo*, the travesty upon *St. Elmo* of which we spoke some time since as in preparation. Mr. Webb will also introduce to us Mark Twain, a humorist in whose praises the California newspapers are unanimous, but who is as yet little known in the East.

With its new volume *The Galaxy* abandons the plan

of fortnightly publication, which, for some reason, has never seemed to succeed with any of the periodicals that have given it a trial. As, however, the magazine appears in an enlarged form, with more numerous illustrations and at a reduced price, the public have no cause for complaint. We were, it seems, in error in announcing last week the retirement of the editor of *The Galaxy*. The gentleman of whom we spoke, though connected with it, had neither editorial responsibility nor editorial authority, and the editorship, we believe, will remain in the same hands as heretofore.

THE students of the University of Michigan have made arrangements to publish a monthly college magazine, of which two numbers will be issued during the present year.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ, in his report to the Massachusetts Legislature, as director of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, asks that \$10,000 be appropriated to the enlargement of the building, and the committee have reported favorably. The number of specimens has become so great—partly in consequence of his Brazilian expedition, from which he brought 50,000 specimens of fish alone—that large quantities are stored in barrels and cases, and satisfactory arrangement is impossible.

MR. C. P. CULVER, a Georgian, is writing *The Distinguished Civilians of the late (so-called) Confederate States of America*; or, *The Inside and Outside View of Secession*.

PROF. HOPPIN, of Yale College, will soon publish a book on *Old England: its Scenery, Art, and People*.

MR. T. W. HIGGINSON is writing a novel.

COL. A. J. H. DUGANNE is preparing a volume of poems for the press.

THE REV. DR. ANDERSON, president of the Rochester University, has been elected president of Brown University, Providence, vice Dr. Sears, who becomes superintendent of Mr. Peabody's educational scheme for the South.

DR. DANIEL READ, formerly a professor in the University of Wisconsin, has accepted the presidency of the University of Missouri.

AMONG new and forthcoming English books are to be mentioned: *Turkey and the Crimean War*, by Rear-Admiral Sir Adolphus Slade; *The Pyrenees, from an English and French Point of View*, by Henry Blackburn, with 100 illustrations by Gustave Doré; *Nooks and Corners in Old France*, by the Rev. George Musgrave; *Sitana: a Mountain Campaign on the Borders of Afghanistan in 1863*, by Col. John Adye; *All Round Ireland on Foot*; *Memoirs of William Hazlitt*, by his grandson, William Carew Hazlitt; *Anecdotes of the Upper Ten Thousand*, by Hon. Granville Berkeley; also novels by H. G. Starkey, Wm. Francis Collier, LL.D., Hon. Frederick Walpole, Charles Clarke.

THE REV. W. C. BURNS, missionary at Peking, has published in the Mandarin colloquial dialect the first part of the *Pilgrim's Progress* and expects to publish the remainder during the year. He has also completed the translation of the Psalms into Chinese.

ABDEL-KADER, the famous Arab chieftain deposed by the French, has dictated his autobiography to Col. Churchill, who is about publishing it in England.

THE REV. DR. THOMAS GUTHRIE, the Scottish preacher and writer, and editor of *The Sunday Magazine*, was on his way to this country, as delegate to the Presbyterian General Assembly, but was taken sick and disembarked at Queenstown.

MR. TENNYSON'S *Idylls*—at least, *Violent and Guinevere*—are being illustrated by M. Doré.

DEAN ALEXANDER, the candidate for the Oxford poetry professorship, is about to publish a volume of poems and critical essays.

M. AUGUSTIN CHALLAMEL has just published the third volume of an eight-volume *Mémoires du Peuple Français*, which traces the social history of the French from the ages of barbarism to the present day.

M. ABEL FRANCOIS VILLEMALIN—an eminent French politician, an Academician, and author of *Vie de Cromwell* and *Cours de Littérature Française*—is dead.

#### THE ROUND TABLE.

##### CONTENTS OF No. 117.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20.

NAPOLEON AND BISMARCK, THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION,  
THE HISTORY OF TO-DAY IN SCHOOLS,  
UNLOVELY VICE, INSTINCTIVE MALEVOLENCE, BOOK-TITLES, WOMEN AND LITERATURE,  
ALBION PAPERS.

##### CORRESPONDENCE:

LONDON.

##### REVIEWS:

MR. ALGER'S WRITINGS, A HIGHLAND PARISH, FRITHIOF'S SAGA, THE LION IN THE PATH, LECTURES ON CHRISTIAN UNITY, SERMONS BY ALEXANDER HAMILTON VINTON, UNSPOKEN SERMONS BY GEORGE MACDONALD, THE MAGAZINES.

ART: PICTURES IN THE BELMONT GALLERY.

LITERARIANA.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## BAYARD TAYLOR'S NEW EDITION

OF  
FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

THE GREAT SWEDISH EPIC.

Price \$1 75.

The Legend of Frithiof is one of the most remarkable productions of the age."—*Longfellow*.

"No poetical work of modern times stands forth so prominently and peculiarly a representative of the literature of a race and language as the Frithiof's Saga."—*Extract from Mr. Taylor's Preface*.

## THE HUGUENOT CALLEY-SLAVE.

Being the Autobiography of a French Protestant condemned to the Gallies for the sake of his religion. Price \$1 50.

"As soon as the contents of this book are known its circulation will exceed that of the most popular novel of the season. Open the book where you will, and it is almost impossible to lay it down again."—*London Reader*.

"As interesting as Robinson Crusoe."—*Boston Commonwealth*.

"A beautiful and noble work."—*Boston Transcript*.

## KING RENE'S DAUGHTER.

Price \$1 25.

"One of the most simply beautiful little dramas in any literature. No one can read the play once without a disposition to return to it again and again, and he may do so with the full assurance that each time he will be rewarded with the discovery of new beauties."—*The Round Table*.

## THE JOURNAL OF MAURICE DE GUERIN.

With an Essay by Matthew Arnold, and a memoir by Sainte-Beuve, price \$1 25.

"He has written pages which will live as long as his language."—*Nation*.

"His descriptions are pictures, his thoughts passions, his affections music."—*Liberal Christian*.

## FAITH UNWIN'S ORDEAL.

Price \$1 25.

"The vicissitudes of the story are worked out by the hand of a master."—*The London Reader*.

Copies of any of the above sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

## LEYPOLDT &amp; HOLT,

451 Broome Street, New York.

## JUST PUBLISHED.

## WHERE SHALL HE FIND HER?

From the French. Translated by I. D. A.

"The most exciting novel of the season."

16mo, paper, 50 cents.

CROWEN &amp; CO., N. Y.,

THE AMERICAN NEWS CO., N. Y.,

Ready to receive Orders.

## ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CURRENT LITERATURE.

## SAMPSON LOW &amp; CO.

Begin to call attention to the following works published by them, of especial value to persons interested in obtaining English and American books, at home or abroad.

**The Publishers' Circular**, and General Record of British and Foreign Literature; giving a transcript of the title-page, number of pages, plates, size, price, and publisher's name of every work published in Great Britain, and every work of interest published abroad, with lists of all the publishing houses. Published regularly on the 1st and 15th of every month and forwarded post free to all parts of the world on payment of 5s. per annum.

**The English Catalogue of Books**; giving the date of publication of every book published, from 1835 to 1863, in addition to the title, size, price, and publisher, in one alphabet. An entirely new work, combining the copyrights of the "London Catalogue" and the "British Catalogue." One thick volume of 900 pages, half morocco, 45s.

\*Supplements for the years 1864 and 1865, uniform, continue this work to the present date, 3s. 6d. each.

**Index to the Subjects of Books Published in the United Kingdom During Twenty Years—1837-1857.** Containing as many as 74,000 references, under subjects, so as to ensure immediate reference to the books on the subject required, each giving title, price, publisher, and date. Two valuable appendices are also given—A, containing full lists of all libraries, collections, series, and miscellanies; and B, a list of literary societies, printing societies, and their issues. 1 vol. royal 8vo, morocco, £1 6s. Vol. II., from 1857, in preparation.

**The American Catalogue**; or, English Guide to American Literature; giving the full title of original works published in the United States of America. With comprehensive index. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Supplementary lists sent regularly to purchasers of American books every month.

**The Handy-Book of Patent and Copyright Law, English and Foreign.** By James Fraser, Esq. Post 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d.

**A Concise Summary of the Law of English and French Copyright Law and International Law.** By Peter Burke. 12mo, 5s.

SAMPSON LOW & Co. undertake the selection and forwarding of new books immediately on their publication, and can offer special facilities to public institutions, merchants, shippers, and book-sellers abroad, in obtaining their orders promptly executed in books, maps, stationery, music, and other branches of the business.

London: SAMPSON LOW, SON & MARSTON, English, American, and Colonial Booksellers and Publishers, Milton House, Ludgate Hill.

READY ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 1.

## RECORDS OF THE NEW YORK STAGE,

FROM 1750 TO 1860.

By JOSEPH N. IRELAND.

Vol. II., 8vo.

This valuable theatrical history is now complete. 2 vols. thick 8vo, cloth, price \$25. Beautifully printed, and edition limited to 250 copies only.

T. H. MORRELL,

100 Nassau Street, New York.

## NOW READY.

**1. Dickens's Works, Globe Edition.** A popular edition of the works of Charles Dickens, in a neat and compact form, printed from large types on fine paper, and bound in extra cloth. Each volume to contain four illustrations by Darley or Gilbert. In 13 vols. 16mo, price \$1 50 per volume.

\*NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, complete in one volume, is ready.

**2. Dickens's Works, Riverside Edition.** A new edition of the works of Charles Dickens, with illustrations on steel, from the designs of Cruikshank, Phiz, and others (including all the illustrations which have been published in the English edition), and the elegant illustrations by Darley and Gilbert (from the Household edition). In 26 vols. crown 8vo, price, cloth, \$2 50 per volume; half calf, \$4.

\*OLIVER TWIST, in one volume, is ready.

**3. Homespun; OR, FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS AGO.** By Thomas Lackland. 1 vol. 16mo, price, cloth, \$1 75.

"The book will prove a delightful Summer companion. Its size and the division of the subjects render it just the book for a journey, for idle reading on the hillside, and for rainy days. It can be slipped into the pocket, and will give zest to many a country ramble."

**4. The Pioneer Church; OR, THE STORY OF A NEW PARISH IN THE WEST.** By the Rev. M. Schuyler, D.D., Rector of Christ Church, St. Louis. With two illustrations. 1 vol. 16mo, price, cloth, \$1 50.

## LATELY PUBLISHED:

**5. The Open Polar Sea.** 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, \$3 75.

**6. Venetian Life.** 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, \$2.

**7. The Market Assistant.** 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, \$2 50.

**8. Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.** 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, \$1 50.

**9. Charles Wesley's Poems.** 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, \$1 50.

**10. Smith's Bible Dictionary, No. 1.** 75 cents.

HURD &amp; HOUGHTON, Publishers,

459 Broome Street, New York.

## GEORGE STECK &amp; CO.

Had the unprecedented triumph to be awarded two prizes at once,

## THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDAL,

At the Fair of the American Institute, Oct., 1865 (being of the very latest date), for General Superiority of their

## GRAND AND SQUARE PIANO.

First premium received over all competition, when and wherever exhibited. Send for Circulars.

WAREHOUSES, 141 EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK,

Between Broadway and Fourth Avenue.

**25 Cents to Save 25 Dollars.**—HEGEMAN'S BENZINE instantly removes Paint and Grease Spots and cleans Gloves, Silks, Ribbons, etc., equal to new. Sold by Druggists.

**Removal.**—Madame Jumel's Mammalian Balm and Patent Breast Elevators will remove, May 1, to 907 Broadway. Second entrance on Twentieth Street, if preferred.

**Chapped Hands and Face, Sore Lips, etc.,** cured at once by the use of HEGEMAN'S CAMPHOR ICE WITH GLYCERINE; keeps the hands soft in the coldest weather. See that you get the Genuine. Sold by all Druggists.

## PARIS.

## THE GREAT EXPOSITION.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers to THE ROUND TABLE, and others visiting Europe, are informed that that journal can be as regularly and safely transmitted through the Mails as at home.

The Ocean Postage will in all cases be prepaid at the Office.

As a large number of the regular readers of THE ROUND TABLE will now pass some time in Europe, it is hoped that their interest in the publication will be continued, and that they will take measures to secure its regular reception during their absence.

The Parisian Correspondence of the paper will shortly begin to appear, and, it is hoped, will prove highly interesting and valuable for perusal both at home and abroad.

All enquiries, subscriptions, etc., will receive prompt and undeviating attention if addressed to the Office,

132 Nassau Street, New York.

## TO EUROPEAN ADVERTISERS.

English and French Advertisements for THE ROUND TABLE will be received, and all requisite information given, by the Advertising Agents of the Journal in London, Messrs. ADAMS & FRANCIS, 50 Fleet Street, E. C.

## THE ROUND TABLE.

## NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The Publishers' Circular (Philadelphia).

"It is certainly the best thing of the kind ever attempted in this country, and should be encouraged by all who have any taste in literature."

The Richmond Examiner.

"This paper combines all the piquancy and variety of the best weeklies with the dignity and learning which belongs to a quarterly review. We have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that it is the best literary paper, in all senses, published in the whole of the United States."

The New York Times.

"THE ROUND TABLE has become such a weekly journal as has been for a long time needed in the United States—a journal which has the genius and learning and brilliancy of the higher order of London weeklies, and which, at the same time, has the spirit and the instincts of America."

The New York Leader.

"THE ROUND TABLE has achieved cosmopolitan success. It is to the metropolis and provinces what *The Saturday Review* is to London and Great Britain's wilderness of parishes. Extracts from THE ROUND TABLE figure weekly in *Public Opinion*, published in London, and made up of the best clippings from the best papers in the world."

The Troy Times.

"THE ROUND TABLE has a field of its own, and the field it made itself, by its dashing way of dealing with men and things, literary, moral, scientific, and indeed with whatever came in its way. All in all, it is the most entertaining weekly printed for well-read, thinking, cultivated people, who care to get under the surface of things, and who do thinking on their own account."

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

"Many lazy, complacent thinkers have fallen into the habit of accusing THE ROUND TABLE of flippancy and undue censoriousness. We have been surprised, too, to note the fact that the press has also, in many instances, fallen into the same error and injustice. Such readers and writers forget that it is the province of papers like THE ROUND TABLE to assail error, rather than tamely to approve established truth; and that, at the present day, trenchant, well-directed, and persistent blows are necessary to produce desired reforms. The first object to be effected is to arrest attention and thereby to elicit thought and discussion. That THE ROUND TABLE has succeeded most admirably in doing this is best demonstrated by the unreasonable opposition which it has met with. We admire the persistent courage with which it clings to its purpose; its bold manly course, and the industry and enterprise with which each week it comes up smiling to its work."

The Cleveland (O.) Herald.

"It is the best exponent of cultivated American thought that has yet appeared among the weekly press. It is a literary (in the best sense of the term) and critical journal of which no American taste need be ashamed, and, in the light of our past literary history, that is saying a good deal."

The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury.

"This periodical has, by its manly and independent criticism and fearless advocacy of the true as opposed to the false, and realities as opposed to conventional shams, established itself firmly in public opinion as our most successful weekly review; while the ability of its corps of contributors confirms the good feeling which its vigorous and anti-Philistine spirit has generally excited."

The Norfolk Virginian.

"THE ROUND TABLE is beyond all question the freshest, most vigorous, independent, and national journal in this country. Bold in its criticism of art and literature, sound in its ethics, yet fearless in exposing and rebuking both social and literary vices and wrongs, it is read and quoted by the more cultivated classes of America and England, its pages being adorned by contributions from the best writers in both countries. THE ROUND TABLE is in this country what *The Athenaeum* and *Saturday Review* are in the London circles—the medium of expression for the most refined literary taste."

The Columbia (Tenn.) Herald.

"This is, beyond comparison, the best literary paper ever printed in America."

The Davenport (Iowa) Gazette.

"We hazard nothing in saying that it is the best edited literary paper of the day, and it has become such by its disdain of all literary cliques and chicanery."

The Anglo-American Times (London).

"It comes nearer to the standard of excellence attained by the chief London weeklies than the New York daily press does to that of the leading London dailies. It is characterized by the strongest and freest expression of truth; commenting without fear on social, political, and moral delinquencies."

Trübner's Literary Record (London).

"THE NEW YORK ROUND TABLE is the best literary paper published in the United States. It is independent, out-spoken, free from anything like favoritism, and we believe totally inaccessible to corrupt influences; its warm advocacy of international copyright and its denunciations of really indecent literature deserve special acknowledgment."

The Bookseller (London).

"THE ROUND TABLE is edited with an amount of good taste and elegance by no means common in the United States."

The London Review.

"THE ROUND TABLE is making the most praiseworthy efforts to elevate the tone of literary criticism and of independent and healthy writing throughout the States."

## SCHREIBER CORNET MANUFACTURING CO.

ESTABLISHED FOR THE PURPOSE OF MANUFACTURING  
WIND INSTRUMENTS IN BRASS, GERMAN  
SILVER, AND OTHER METALS.

These instruments are rendered superior to all others by numerous improvements, which are the result of the skill, experience, ingenuity, and perseverance of Mr. LOUIS SCHREIBER, and are secured by letters patent, granted in the United States and Europe.

These improvements relate to the FORM, the ACTION, the WATER-VALVE, and the MEANS OF CONSTRUCTION.

Descriptive Pamphlets, with full particulars, list of prices, and voluntary testimonials given by Messrs. C. ANSCHUTZ, CARL BERGMANN, THEODORE THOMAS, GEORGE F. BRISTOW, may be obtained on application.

## M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,

AGENTS,

21 Maiden Lane (up-stairs), New York.

### THE CRUCIAL TEST

of the value of a medicine is Time. Does experience confirm the claims put forth in its favor at the outset? Is the grand question. Apply this criterion, so simple yet so searching, to

### TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT.

How has it worn? What has been its history? How does it stand to day?

The preparation has been over THIRTY YEARS BEFORE THE WORLD. Within that time at least five hundred nostrums assumed to possess the like properties have appeared and disappeared. The "limbo of things lost on earth" is probably paved with empirical failures. But TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT, from the year 1835 to the year 1867 inclusive, has been winning "golden opinions of all sorts of people," and is now a standard remedy throughout the civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. What is this preparation? It is an artificial, portable, economical reproduction of the finest natural alterative, purgative, and corrective on the face of the earth; with all the valuable properties of the original augmented, and all its drawbacks omitted. So say the Analytical Chemists, so say the Physicians, so say the Public, so says time, that tries all things and gives praise and permanence only to that which is good.

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient is a household name throughout the United States, British America, Tropical America, and the West India. It is administered as a specific, and with success, in dyspepsia, sick headache, nervous debility, liver complaint, bilious remittents, bowel complaints (especially constipation), rheumatism, gout, gravel, nausea, the complaints peculiar to the maternal sex, and all types of inflammation.

So mild is it in its operation that it can be given with perfect safety to the feeblest child; and so agreeable is it to the taste, so refreshing to the palate, that children never refuse to take it. In febrile distempers it is the most grateful of all saline preparations, and no febrifuge is so certain to allay thirst, promote perspiration, and cool the blood.

Manufactured only by

### TARRANT & CO.,

278 Greenwich and 100 Warren Streets, New York.

For sale by all Druggists.

### Advertisements of the American Bureau for Literary Reference.

**For Sale.**—A copy of The Autographic Mirror. Royal quarto, 2 vols. London, 1864. This is a splendid photographic collection of autographic letters and signatures of the most eminent men of the modern world, in war, letters, and art, extending from William the Conqueror to Victor Hugo and the Napoleons. A few copies only were ever published. It is a magnificent ornament for parlor or library. Price for the 2 vols., \$65. Apply to AMERICAN BUREAU FOR LITERARY REFERENCE.

**For Sale.**—A copy of Charlevoix's Histoire de France. 3 vols., full green morocco. Paris edition, 1744. From the library of Rev. Eleazar Williams (Indian missionary), supposed by many to be the lost Dauphin, son of Louis XVI. He died at Green Bay, Wisconsin, about 1853. Apply to AMERICAN BUREAU FOR LITERARY REFERENCE.

**Wanted.**—A person to translate German into English with facility and precision. Apply at AMERICAN BUREAU FOR LITERARY REFERENCE.

**Wanted.**—A copy of Parker's Reminiscences of Rufus Choate. Address AMERICAN BUREAU FOR LITERARY REFERENCE.

**Wanted.**—Topper's Adventures of Obadiah Oldbuck. Address AMERICAN BUREAU FOR LITERARY REFERENCE.

Address

American Bureau for Literary Reference,  
132 Nassau Street, New York.

## FLORENCE REVERSIBLE FEED LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES.

Best Family Machine in the World.

FLORENCE S. M. CO.,  
505 Broadway, New York.

THE WORLD-RENOVED  
SINGER SEWING MACHINES,  
FOR FAMILY USE  
AND  
MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 458 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

### Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines (935 BROADWAY, NEW YORK)

Make the "Lock-Stitch," and rank highest on account of the Elasticity, Permanence, Beauty, and general desirableness of the Stitching when done, and the wide range of their application.—*Report of the American Institute.*

### SPRING DEBILITY.

A Permanent Tonic is needed at this time of the year by nearly everybody—something to counteract the debilitating effects of the change from cold to warm weather, and to

TONE UP THE SYSTEM.

Stimulants only afford Temporary Relief, and have the same effect as giving a tired horse the whip instead of oats. The true way is to invigorate the debilitated system by supplying the blood with its Life Element—Iron.

### THE PERUVIAN SYRUP,

A Protoxide of Iron, Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood, giving Strength, Vigor, and New Life to the whole System. As a  
SPRING MEDICINE

It has no equal, and for Debility, Dyspepsia, etc., it is a specific. A thirty-two page pamphlet sent free.

J. P. DINSMORE, Proprietor,

36 Dey Street, New York.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

### SCROFULA.

IMPORTANT TO PERSONS AFFLICTED WITH SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

A POSITIVE CURE AFTER SEVEN YEARS' SUFFERING.  
BY RUNNING ULCERS AT ONE TIME.

BREAST, THROAT, AND FACE ONE CONTINUOUS SORE.

J. W. HOBSON, Esq., a prominent lawyer in West Virginia, writes to DR. ANDERS as follows:

"PARRISBURG, W. Va., Dec. 15, 1866.

"DR. H. ANDERS:

"DEAR SIR: In reply to your enquiry in regard to my health, I am happy to say that I am now a well man, am attending to business, have a good appetite, and feel that I am entirely cured, and am free to say that I owe my present health to your Iodine Water.

"I suffered nearly seven years with scrofula before I was cured. I had thirty-seven running ulcers on me at one time. My entire breast, throat, all under my arms, and all over my jaws up to my ears, on both sides, was one almost continuous sore. I was confined to my room over eighteen months and was decidedly the poorest object that you ever saw; at three different times the friends were called in to see me die. I accidentally saw a notice of 'Dr. Anders's Iodine Water.' I sent for some, found it good, and continued to take it until I was restored to my usual health, for which I feel to thank God and take courage. I am satisfied your Iodine Water saved my life, and I believe it to be the great desideratum in medicine. I have resumed the practice of law in several counties in this section, and if you will send me some of your circulars I shall take pleasure in distributing them and calling the attention of physicians to your medicine wherever I go. Anything I can do for you will be cheerfully done. You are at perfect liberty to use my name in any way that will be useful to the afflicted. Yours truly, J. W. HOBSON."

DR. H. ANDERS'S IODINE WATER is a new discovery in medicine, being Pure Iodine in Pure Water, 1½ grains to the ounce, uncombined with any other substance. A MOST POWERFUL VITALIZING AGENT AND RESTORATIVE. Circulars free. For sale by J. P. DINSMORE, 33 Dey Street, New York, and by Druggists generally.

### PURE CALIFORNIA WINES

FROM M. KELLER'S CELEBRATED VINEYARD,  
LOS ANGELES.

SHERRY, MADEIRA, PORT, ANGELICA, HOCK,  
STILL AND SPARKLING CHAMPAGNES,  
WINE BITTERS, AND PURE BRANDY,  
ALL WARRANTED THE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

WINES PREPARED AND PUT UP EXCLUSIVELY FOR  
SACRAMENTAL PURPOSES.

IMPORTED WINES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

JAMES J. LYONS,

SOLE AGENT,

509 Broadway, under the St. Nicholas Hotel.

## KALDENBERG & SON,

THE ONLY MANUFACTURERS OF GENUINE

## MEERSCHAUM PIPES

IN THE UNITED STATES,

4 and 6 John Street, near Broadway.

PORTRAITS, INITIALS, ETC., CUT ON PIPES.

N.B.—The MEERSCHAUM is positively the BEST, and we warrant every Pipe to Color.

A large and select stock now on hand.

\*.\* Special attention given to Orders from the Country.

Repairing, Boiling, Mounting, etc., are a Specialty with us.

GOOD BRANDS OF TOBACCO FOR SALE.

Send stamp for our Illustrated Circular.

### Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Eruptions of the Skin, Swollen Glands, etc., etc.

A WORD OF ADVICE TO FAMILIES AND TO THE AFFLICTED GENERALLY.—Scrofula is the base of a great variety of diseases, the cure of which is certain by using the STRUMATIC SALTS for bathing purposes, prepared by the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company, and possessing exactly the same virtues as the celebrated Kreuznach Springs (Prussia), whence, on a yearly average of eight thousand patients seeking relief from their different afflictions, not one ever returns without a perfect cure. For all the above diseases take Strumatic baths, which will cure you without fail.

For sale at all the principal druggists.

PH. EPPESHEIMER, Agent,

56 Cedar Street.

### Penn. Salt Manufacturing Company's Saponifier.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP, AND SAVE SIXTY PER CENT.

There is no article known producing such excellent and cheap soap as this SAPONIFIER. In saving your waste grease, and using the same according to directions around each box, you obtain, with very little trouble and in a very short time, splendid soap, that will cost you 2c. per lb.; and if you buy the grease, it will come only to 6c. or 7c. per lb.

For sale at all the principal grocers', druggists', and general dealers'.

### THIS IS THE SEASON

when changes of weather, climate, and food are most likely to produce sickness. A great French Physician says: "More than half of the disease in the world comes from neglect to fortify the system against changes of climate, weather, and food. The great secret of health is to keep the condition of the Stomach and Blood regular and uniform, so that changes from Heat to Cold, from Dry to Damp, etc., cannot upset the machinery of the body, and breed disease." Now, it is a fact, positive and well known, that there is no such bulwark and assistant for the Stomach as

### PLANTATION BITTERS.

This splendid Tonic is now used by all classes of people for every symptom of a "Stomach out of order." And particularly do these Bitters serve the purpose of those who "live out of doors," and are exposed to Changes of Weather, Raw Spring Winds and Weakening Summer Heats.

The secret of it is this: Plantation Bitters are certain to correct the juices of the stomach, set all its machinery at work, and enable it to resist and throw off the approaching danger. The tendency of the operations of Nature is always towards a cure; all she needs is a little assistance at the proper time. How much more reasonable and sensible it is to help her along with a gentle yet powerful Tonic, than to deluge and weaken and defeat her curative processes with poisonous drugs and fiery mixtures, which only stupefy and plant the seeds of disease and death.

### S-T-1860-X.

They purify, strengthen, and invigorate.  
They create a healthy appetite.  
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.  
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.  
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.  
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.  
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.  
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.  
They cure Diarrhoea, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus.  
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.  
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, and Saloons. Only genuine when cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of Counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

**MONEY, MONEY, MONEY.**

EXTRAORDINARY SALE.

**MEN'S, BOYS', AND CHILDREN'S READY-MADE CLOTHING**

20 PER CENT. BELOW BROADWAY PRICES,

AND IN EVERY WAY EQUAL IN

STYLE, QUALITY, AND WORKMANSHIP.

**TRAPHAGEN, HUNTER & CO.,**

398, 400, AND 402 BOWERY, N. Y.,

JUNCTION OF THIRD AND FOURTH AVENUES,

OPPOSITE SIXTH STREET.

Owing to the great demand for money, and the unfavorable prospects of the times, we now offer our

ENTIRE SPRING STOCK

OF

**FIRST-CLASS READY-MADE CLOTHING**

AT LOWER PRICES

THAN THE SAME QUALITY OF GOODS HAS BEEN OFFERED SINCE 1860.

**ALL WOOL BUSINESS SUITS**

\$18, \$20, \$25, and \$35.

**CASSIMERE BUSINESS COATS,**

\$10, \$12, \$14, \$16 to \$25.

**FANCY CASSIMERE PANTS,**

\$4, \$5, \$6, \$7 to \$12.

**YOUTHS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING AT SAME REDUCTION.**

A FULL AND COMPLETE ASSORTMENT, TO SUIT ALL AGES, CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

**ALL WOOL SCHOOL SUITS**

\$8, \$9, 10, and \$14.

**CARIBALDI SUITS,**

\$6, \$7, \$8 to \$12.

**YOUTHS' CASSIMERE SUITS**

(COAT, VEST, AND PANTS),

\$10, \$14, \$16 to \$25.

**CHILDREN'S EMBROIDERED DRESS SUITS,**

\$12, \$14, \$16 to \$20.

Every Style of Garment Made to Order for Gentlemen, Youth, or Children.

Also,

Ladies' Riding Habits, etc.

PRICES 20 PER CENT. BELOW BROADWAY RATES, And every article equal in Style, Quality, and Workmanship.

**TRAPHAGEN, HUNTER & CO.,**

398, 400, AND 402 BOWERY,

Opposite Sixth Street.

**Steam to Liverpool, calling at Queenstown (Ireland).**

The Inman Line, sailing twice a week, carrying U. S. Mails,

**EVERY SATURDAY,****EVERY WEDNESDAY,**

FROM PIER 45, NORTH RIVER.

RATES OF PASSAGE, PAYABLE IN CURRENCY,

BY THE MAIL STEAMER SAILING EVERY SATURDAY.

Payable in Gold.	Payable in Currency.
FIRST CABIN, . . . \$110	STEERAGE, . . . \$30
to London, . . . 115	to London, . . . 35
to Paris, . . . 125	to Paris, . . . 45

Passage by the Wednesday Steamers—First Cabin, \$110; Steerage, \$35—payable in Currency.

Passengers also forwarded to Havre, Hamburg, Bremen, etc., at moderate rates.

Steerage passage from Liverpool or Queenstown, \$45.

Tickets can be bought here by persons sending for their friends. For further information apply at the Company's Offices.

**J. G. DALE, Agent,**

15 Broadway, New York.

**KNICKERBOCKER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.**

OFFICE, 161 BROADWAY.

Assets, 1867, . . . . . \$2,000,000

ERASTUS LYMAN, President.

B. F. JOHNSON, Vice-President.

GEORGE F. SNIFFEN, Secretary.

H. LASSING, Manager of Agencies.

GEO. T. SHIPLEY, M.D., Medical Examiner.

**HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.**

45 WALL STREET.

JANUARY 1, 1867.

CASH CAPITAL, . . . . . \$400,000 00

SURPLUS, . . . . . 161,331 61

ASSETS, . . . . . \$561,331 61

Fire and Inland Insurance effected in the Western and Southern States through the "Underwriters' Agency."

Benj. S. Walcott, President.

I. Remsen Lane, Secretary.

**THE AMERICAN BUREAU FOR LITERARY REFERENCE.**

Agency for Authors, Publishers, Editors, Lecturers, and Lyceums, and for all who have any Literary Commissions to be executed.

**The Bureau Undertakes:**

- I.—TO GATHER FACTS AND STATISTICS UPON ALL SUBJECTS, AND TO PRESENT THEM IN AN INTELLIGENT FORM, EITHER FOR LITERARY OR BUSINESS PURPOSES.
- II.—TO FURNISH PRINTERS' ESTIMATES FOR AUTHORS, AND TO SUPERVISE THE PUBLICATION OF WORKS.
- III.—TO RECEIVE MANUSCRIPTS, AND ENDEAVOR TO PROCURE THEIR PUBLICATION.
- IV.—TO FURNISH CRITICISMS TO YOUNG OR INEXPERIENCED AUTHORS ON SUCH MANUSCRIPTS AS THEY MAY SUBMIT TO THE BUREAU, INDICATING DEFECTS, AND GIVING IMPROVING SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING FOR REVIEWS OR MAGAZINES, OR PREPARING BOOKS.
- V.—TO SUPPLY TRANSLATIONS OF BOOKS AND DOCUMENTS, AND TO WRITE LETTERS AND CIRCULARS IN VARIOUS LANGUAGES; COMPOSING THE SAME WHEN DESIRED.
- VI.—TO SECURE LECTURERS FOR LYCEUMS AND ENGAGEMENTS FOR LECTURERS.
- VII.—TO PROVIDE EDITORS FOR NEWSPAPERS AND ARTICLES FOR DAILY OR PERIODICAL JOURNALS.
- VIII.—TO PROVIDE CORRESPONDENTS FOR NEWSPAPERS, ESPECIALLY FROM WASHINGTON, NEW YORK, PARIS, AND LONDON.
- IX.—TO SELECT OR PURCHASE BOOKS FOR PRIVATE PARTIES OR FOR LIBRARIES, AND TO SEARCH FOR RARE AND OLD EDITIONS.
- X.—TO PROVIDE SHORT-HAND WRITERS TO TAKE DOWN ADDRESSES, SERMONS, JUDGES' CHARGES, ETC., EITHER BEFOREHAND, FROM PRIVATE DICTATION, OR ON PUBLIC DELIVERY.

The Bureau requires a fee of One Dollar before any Commission is undertaken. The subsequent charges vary in accordance with the actual service rendered.

All Commissions should be addressed to

**The American Bureau for Literary Reference,**  
139 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

Lecturers and Lyceums invited to put themselves in communication with the Bureau. Charge for entering name, \$1.

**Choice Imported Books for Public and Private Libraries.**

J. W. BOUTON invites the attention of Librarians and Collectors to his extensive and valuable Collection of English books, Ancient and Modern, embracing the best authors in all departments of Literature, History, Biography, Voyages and Travels, Natural History, Poetry and Drama, Fine Illustrated Works, etc., all of which are in fine condition and will be offered at reasonable prices.

**J. W. BOUTON,**

416 Broome Street, New York.

Priced Catalogues gratis on application, or sent to any address on receipt of a stamp to pay postage.

**NEW HISTORICAL WORKS**

SUPPLIED BY

**SCRIBNER, WELFORD & CO.,**  
654 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**1. The History of Normandy and England.** By Sir Francis Palgrave, K.I., the Deputy Keeper of Her Majesty's Public Records. 4 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$42.**2. The Holy Roman Empire.** By James Bryce, B.C.L., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. New edition, revised, crown 8vo, cloth, \$4 50."Mr. Bryce's masterly and modest volume; a volume whose judicial and impressive tone, and clear and far insight into the complications of the subject, vindicate the writer's claim to that great title of historian so often assumed in our day, so rarely deserved. The subject of Mr. Bryce's volume is especially in season just now, when the temporal possessions of the Bishop of Rome are so seriously encroached; and the bewildered Pope, wavering between malice and benedictions, seems to know neither the time when, nor the persons whom, he ought to curse or bless."—*Christian Remembrancer*.**3. The Alps of Hannibal.** By William John Law, formerly Student of Christ's Church, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo, with map and plan, cloth, \$10 50.**4. New Rollin.** An Ancient History from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Empire: forming the First Period of the History of the World. By Philip Smith, B.A., one of the principal contributors to Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary. Complete in 3 vols. 8vo, with maps and plans, cloth lettered, \$21.

For the first time in English literature the reader has before him, in the moderate compass of three volumes, a complete Ancient History, from the Creation of the World to the Fall of the Western Empire of Rome, treated as a continuous narrative and with unity of purpose. Besides its place in the whole scheme of the History of the World, this division may be regarded as forming a complete and independent work, which may occupy the place once filled by the Ancient History of Rollin.

"He has availed himself liberally of the new lights thrown by recent discovery and philology upon the annals of the East, and in all that relates to the Oriental empires and African kingdoms or republics (if, indeed, that term can be applied to the timocratic, or perhaps plutocratic, Carthage), his work is far in advance of any ancient history in our language."—*Saturday Review*. "The style of the volume is sustained with the equal tone of a single, able, unimpassioned, and dignified historian throughout."—*Athenaeum*.**5. Count Montalembert's History of the Monks of the West.** Vols. I. and II., \$10 50. Vol. III., just issued, contains Christian Origin of the British Isles; St. Columba, the Apostle of Caedmon; St. Augustine of Canterbury and the Roman Missionaries in England; the Celtic Monks and the Anglo-Saxons, or the Conversion of Northumbria. 8vo, \$5 25.

The Abridged Edition of

**6. Miss Agnes Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England.** Expressly adapted for Schools and Families by the Authoress. In one volume, price \$2 50.**7. Half Hours of English History.** Compiled and edited by Charles Knight. Third edition, 8vo, with a full index, 640 pp., \$3.**8. The Great Governing Families of England.** By J. Langton Sanford and Meredith Townsend. 2 vols. 8vo, \$14.**9. Maxwell's Irish Rebellion in 1798;** with an Account of Emmett's Insurrection in 1833. Illustrated with twenty-seven steel engravings by George Cruikshank. 8vo, cloth, \$4.

Now ready, New Work by Mr. J. A. Proude.

**10. Short Studies on Great Subjects.** By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. 2 vols. post 8vo, \$10.**11. Mr. John Hill Burton's History of Scotland.** Bringing the narrative down to the Abdication of Queen Mary. 4 vols. 8vo, \$25.**CIRCULAR NOTES**

AND

**LETTERS OF CREDIT,**

FOR THE USE OF

**TRAVELLERS,**

AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

ISSUED BY

**DUNCAN, SHERMAN & CO.,**

New York.